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ON SCANDAL.

TO comment upon a vice so common, and of a tendency so dangerous as defamation, will often be found highly necessary, and very probably can never be deemed entirely useless. During the few years of a life, yet in its beginning, I have observed it to have been so universally prevalent, and *too* often so particularly successful, that perfection itself, were it possible to be attained, would find it extremely difficult to preserve itself unpolluted by the baseness of its aspersions. Characters have been stigmatized with words, deeds, and intentions so totally foreign to what is true, that notwithstanding the many and masterly remarks that have been made upon the vilest of proceedings by the most celebrated authors, I shall presume, to add one page more, however insignificant it may be to the volumes that have been written on the subject.

Scandal, as I have somewhere seen it observed, is a vice of so detestable and odious a nature, that perhaps the man never yet lived who would confess himself guilty; yet so extensive is its power over the minds of men, that few, I believe, after a thorough investigation of their own hearts, will venture to acquit themselves of it. Notwithstanding

the universal abhorrence that never fails to express itself, when a character charged with this abominable practice, is held up to our view, it is a subject, I may safely assert, much too prevalent in most companies. Some there are of dispositions so notoriously bad, that they cannot suffer the fairest reputations to escape them without offering something in its diminution. Others, with designs equally pernicious, and far more detestable, "gilding the bitter pill" by a pretended compassion, under the diabolical pretence of exculpating their injured friend, strike deeper, and have a more durable effect than the most virulent invective. Conveyed, as it were, in the most costly perfumes, by a malignant and well-dissembled praise, they lavish upon our heads the most deadly poison; their words seem smoother than oil, but are in truth a two-edged sword. There are others, actuated by motives less criminal, though their effects may be equally prejudicial, who, when the blackening of a person's character becomes the topic of conversation, carried away by the rapidity of the current, rather than start one single conjecture in his favour, unfeelingly join in the general cry. How much more charitable and commendable would it be, if, instead of taking pleasure in hearing him reviled, they should have compassion upon his infirmities, and, if they knew any good of him, should generously reveal it—if they were duly to consider from what source the "tale of dishonour which no innocence of heart or integrity of conduct can set right" may have had its rise, or whether it had not been levelled "from some baneful corner" by *malice* or *revenge!*—If, when his character was bleeding on every side, they were to recollect for a moment that these may have been the "twin ruffians that struck together at all his infirmities and mistakes," the honest and ingenuous heart would shrink with horror from the tale.

When we hear the flippant tongue of scandal grow loud in the prosecution of its favourite objects, "evil-speaking, lying, and slandering," and find ourselves disposed to view with patience, if not with pleasure, the exaggerated picture, let us check every growing propensity, by seriously reflecting, that "if it is once resolved that an innocent and helpless creature shall be sacrificed, it is an easy matter to pick up sticks enough from any thicket where it has strayed, to make a fire to offer it up with."

PHILO.

THE TURBAN.

A TALE.

(Concluded from our last.)

THE celerity with which the Assyrian coursers, (whose fleetness has already been equalled to that of the Arabian) flew over the ground, bore no proportion to the rapidity of ideas which whirled in the minds, or the ardour to finish their journey in the arms of the beloved objects of it, which pervaded the bosoms of the juvenile Mustapha, and the ancient Zornestan.

Flying with such speed to their dearest relatives and friends, it will not be supposed, however tedious the time might be to the youth and his companion, that many hours elapsed before they arrived at the cottage of Cyphantia, where they met the lovely Zelia, and Archidice her mother.

A recapitulation of former events, exultation upon the present fortunate state of their affairs, and those flattering, though sometimes delusive hopes of future prosperity, which in certain situations pervade every human bosom, consumed a considerable space of time, but not more than was necessary, as they were obliged to wait the arrival of a Turkish coach, which had been dispatched by the Beglerbeg to convey the ladies to Bagdat, but which did not travel quite so fast as the chariot of the sun, the chariot of young Mustapha, or indeed, the chariot to which, of old, Porus harnessed his elephants. However fast or slow this vehicle came, at last surrounded by a troop of Spahis, who had been appointed as a guard of honour and safe conduct to the lovely passengers.

The time that had been spent in conversation, congratulation, and exultation, it now appeared, might, by a part of the company, have been better employed. The carriages were ready, the Spahis drew their sabres, and Zornestan was upon the point of ordering them to march, when a considerable difficulty occurred. The female conclave, who had been some time in consultation, came to an unanimous

resolution that it was indispensably necessary for them to make an alteration in their dress and that in fact it was impossible for them to appear at court in the coarse garb of cottagers.

The ladies of Assyria, as we find from a careful perusal of most of the sacred and profane writers, are like the ladies in every other part of the world; unconscious of their personal attractions, they dare not at all times trust to nature, and therefore, from a self diffidence, highly commendable, are laudibly careful upon every grand occasion to call, or rather press into their service that ingenious handmaid, ART.

This was more particularly the case with the beautiful Zelia, who, hurried as she was, yet found, or rather created time to adorn her person in a style far superior to her late station. The wardrobe of her mother, which, till this blissful moment had been carefully concealed from her, afforded her amply the means, and her own genius and taste so well directed their application, that when she issued from her chamber she seemed to move like Venus, just arisen from the toilet of the graces.

The eyes of her lover, ardent and passionate as young Mustapha certainly was, were scarcely more enchanted with her fascinating appearance, than were those of old Zornestan, her father. He embraced his wife with tenderness when she presented her to him, and gazed with a rapture which only a parent could feel at his newly recovered daughter, while he gave her hand to the youth, who conducted her to the carriage, wherein he had just placed his mother.

As no impediment or accident occurred upon the road, it would be a waste of time to retrace their journey back to Bagdat. When they entered the grand audience chamber, the Serene Beglerbeg seemed struck with the appearance of the lovely Zelia; but as he was although a Turk, a man of taste, he could not help paying her an ironical compliment for not suffering the attractive lure of Asiatic splendour totally to eclipse the elegant simplicity of her former Grecian habiliments. The involuntary blushes of Zelia informed her that it was wrong for one, to whom nature had been so bountiful, to endeavour to amend what must, in the plainest attire, be deemed a master-piece of perfection.

Cyphantia was, by Mustapha, received with the affection of a brother: they mingled their tears as a tribute to the memory of Ibirhim; and these emotions of sorrow were only suspended while Zornestan presented his wife.

This revival of grief in the bosom of the noble Beglerbeg and Cyphantia, seemed a sable curtain drawn before that brilliant prospect of happiness which the opening of the scene presented to the view of the company, and demonstrated the truth of that axiom, that sudden emotions of sorrow are frequently the concomitants of our highest enjoyments. In fact the minds of the whole party were, from different causes emanating from the same source, wound to too high a key; they therefore found it necessary to separate, and devote the remaining hours of the evening and night to refreshment and repose.

The ebullitions of their minds in a few days subsided. Cyphantia, and the wife and daughter of Zornestan, had apartments assigned them in the haram of the Beglerbeg, while the young Mustapha, who also resided in the palace of his uncle, was promoted to a considerable post in the state.

The beautiful Zelia, no less fascinating in her manners, than captivating by her personal attractions, had in a short time created for herself such an interest in the bosom of the elder Mustapha, that relinquishing his former thoughts, he felt for her all the love and tenderness of a father; and indeed, almost envied Zornestan his consanguinity to such a daughter. Nor had his nephew a smaller share of his affection, for as the virtue, abilities, and estimable qualities of this young Assyrian were, by his situation, brought forward into a strong point of view, and hourly expanded, he discerned those strong traits of genius, integrity, courage, and benevolence, for which his brother was so conspicuous, and which had so much endeared him to him while living, and caused him so exceedingly to lament his death, revived in his son: he therefore looked forward to the nuptials of this amiable pair, as to a period propitious to the house of Mustapha.

This period, whatsoever might have been the opinion of Zelia upon the subject, the ardour of the youth would not suffer to be driven to a remote distance. The trumpets

from the minerets, and the cannon from the ramparts, announced the arrival of the happy morning. A shining train issued from the palace, the gates of the haram were upon this grand occasion thrown open. Zelia, the lovely Zelia appeared in a dress of the purest white, her face shaded by a veil, such as of old adorned the vestal virgins. She was attended by Archidice and Cyphantia, and a number of noble maidens, only inferior in beauty to herself.

Supported by the Beglerbeg and her father, she approached the Cadi, before whom the marriage was registered. The ceremony of these nuptials (it is almost needless to state, unless to prevent a reference to the records of Bagdat) was adorned with that tasteful magnificence, and conducted with that splendid solemnity which were the characteristics of the government of Mustapha.

Let not our fair readers be frightened at this mode of conducting a wedding, or start at the word *solemnity*. The Turks are a grave people, and although a plurality of wives are allowed those that choose to avail themselves of that *valuable* indulgence, yet they consider every matrimonial engagement they make as a solemn one. Upon this occasion public rejoicings were decreed, and under the auspices of the Serene Beglerbeg, the lustre and brilliancy that formerly adorned the celebrated city of Babylon, seemed to have been revived in Bagdat.

The festivity was continued for three days, at the close of which Mustapha, the newly married pair, Zornestan, Cyphantia, Archidice, and the whole court, made a public procession to the great mosque; the splendour of which had not been equalled by any shew since the entrance of Alexander the Great into the former city.

But whatsoever impression splendour and magnificence may make upon the human mind, especially in our juvenile years, experience teaches us, that like the circles arising from a stone dropped in water, it is every moment in a course of obliteration. Splendour, magnificence, and every concomitant of unbounded opulence soon faded upon the sight and became familiar, and consequently less valuable to young Mustapha and the lovely Zelia. Fortunately for them, when these transient and transitory appendages seem-

ed to recede, they found themselves the possessors of happiness far more solid than any that can be derived from circumstances so adventitious.

They possessed in themselves, and in a numerous and beautiful progeny, whose minds they formed upon those principles which irradiated their own, a source of domestic enjoyment, far superior to those fleeting and transitory pleasures which mankind in general pursue with such avidity.

Fortune, that fickle goddess, who long had marked the mode of life adapted by Mustapha and Zelia, was vexed to behold a pair, who seem to despise her influence, and therefore resolved to tempt them, prompted the grand Seignior upon the death of the Beglerbeg, to confer the government of Bagdat upon his nephew.

The young Assyrian was now placed upon the very apex of prosperity, riches and honour were showered upon him in an unbounded profusion; yet he preserved his virtue, and even his character untainted.

The only change which his elevated situation made in his mode of life was, that it brought his actions into a stronger light, by which they were more admired, and furnished means for his liberality to become more extensive; his piety, his conjugal and parental tenderness more conspicuous.

Their exalted, their dignified station, had the same effect upon the lovely Zelia; and fortune was, by these brilliant examples, taught this useful lesson.

That a son and daughter who had been patterns of early piety, and of duty to their parents; who had formed a tender connection, in which passion had less influence than the union of minds—who came to each other's arms with the full consent of their nearest relatives; and whose happiness centered in each other, will neither by a low situation be abused, nor by an affluent one be elevated beyond the bounds of prudence and rectitude; but, that whatsoever may be their lot in life, the goodness of Providence has decreed that they shall always feel that internal consciousness and peace of mind which constitute true happiness.

ON THE CONJUGAL CHARACTER.

IT is the remark of an elegant and modern writer, that—"no man ever prospered in the world, without the unanimity and co-operation of his wife: let him be ever so frugal, industrious, regular, and intelligent, it will avail nothing, if she is profuse, disorderly, indolent, or unfaithful to the trust reposed in her."

The absolute justice of this judicious observation has been too often exemplified, in the various orders of society, for any person to attempt to prove its fallacy; and melancholy are the proofs we might daily receive of the disorders which arise from the disagreement of those who are bound to be unanimous, both by the rules of reason and the law of Heaven.

If the social affections are allowed to be the inspirers of virtue and magnanimity, how is a man to be supposed capable of exerting those qualities, who perceives they are not likely to minister to any one's gratification? Or how can he entertain a generous complacency in himself, unless he finds those who ought to esteem him inclined to do it? He will feel little temptation to cultivate faculties in which no one appears either to feel a pleasure or to take an interest.

But how different must be the situation of a man, who, in the partner of his affection, possesses an incitement to virtue; and who, in the approving smile of her tenderness, enjoys the most refined and gratifying reward? With what spirit and perseverance will he labour in his vocation, when he knows that his earnings will be carefully improved? With what confidence will he exert himself, what difficulties encounter, what dangers meet, when he knows he is not spending his time in vain; and when the gentle being, whose interest and happiness are blended with his own, shares in her turn *his* solicitude and ease.

Human life is composed of variations: sorrow and pain, solicitude and disappointment, enter into the history of the most prosperous; and he is but half provided for the voyage of life, who has merely found an associate for his *days*

of *happiness*, whilst for the *months* of darkness and distress no sympathizing partner is prepared!

The moralities of life, and the duties of religion, are so completely blended and combined, that it is impossible to break through the one, without a manifest infringement on the other; but, amidst all the natural ties that bind them, none ought to act so strongly on the mind as those existing between wife and husband: and in how interesting a light do those characters appear, whose conjugal virtues embellish the page either of the poet or historian! Who can peruse with coldness or indifference the tenderness of an Andromache—the stability of a Penelope—the resolution of a Paulina—or the delicacy of a Lucretia? Or who can hesitate to pronounce, that such characters become patterns to their sex, and an honour to human nature?

ALBERT AND LAURA:

A SWISS TALE.

THE inhabitants of Uri, one of the Cantons of Switzerland, harmless and inoffensive, sought no other means of enriching themselves than by the advantages accruing from agriculture and other quiet pursuits: they seemed to live only for their wives and children; and it has been long the prevailing character of that particular canton, that few were rich, because they looked upon excessive wealth to be what it is always found,—an effectual bar to happiness. They were almost all husbandmen: they rose early to their task, and, after toiling in the fields till the setting sun denoted the hour of repose to be near, returned to their cottages with the pleasing reflection of having passed a day of virtue, and finding their innocent babes, supported by the fond mother, anxious to contribute to their ease, and dissipate by laughter and caresses the fatigues of labour. In the society of each other they gaily conversed; and when the cool breezes of evening succeeded to the heats of noon day, the elders, seated at the door of their habitations, or under the

shade of a lofty tree, amused themselves with seeing their young offspring dance to the sweet notes of the flagelet or the lute. Thus passed the lives of these brave and contented people, when the trumpet of France resounded on their frontiers, and awakened them to anxiety and dismay.

Albert and Laura resided in one of the most pleasant villages of the canton: they had been brought up at school together, and as they increased in years their mutual partiality gained new strength. The former was nineteen; his countenance was the seat of health, good-nature, and sweetness, and his actions proclaimed him the simple child of innocence. Laura possessed every virtue that can be expected from mortals in this world; she was about seventeen; her father, who was the only relation Providence had pleased to leave her from early infancy, had been dead about three years before the time when this tale commences. In his last moments he sent for Basil, the father of Albert, and taking him by the hand, spoke thus :——

" My friend, we have been faithful companions almost from the period that we could lisp each other's names: I have always cherished the firmest sentiments of regard for you, and I know you have felt the same for me: I did a little lament my fate in being just at present compelled to leave this world, but I am now resigned, because it is the will of that all-powerful Creator, who sees every thing, and directs for the best. I should have wished to live a short time longer, that I might have secured the happiness of my daughter: she is a lovely girl, and is now at that age when she most requires advice and protection. I shall not offend you with excuses for the trouble I give in confiding her to your care until she arrives at years of maturity; for I know your generous heart will not hesitate to adopt the orphan of a man who has ever been united to you with a brotherly affection.

Basil could not speak for tears, whilst Laura's father paused for breath, and then continued:

" You must not weep," said he, " because you see me depart at these years: I am only as a weary traveller, who, having long buffeted the tempest, feels his anxiety decrease at the prospect of an approaching calm; I shall exchange

a precarious existence for a more lasting and happy one in worlds of bliss. I only lament the dangers to which my child may be exposed, unless a friend shields her from the temptations of infamy. Promise me that you will do this; it is my dying wish: your own conscience will applaud you for it in this world, and Heaven, that beholds the exertions of the virtuous with pleasure, will reward you for it in the next."

Basil with difficulty sobbed out, "I will;" and in the same moment his friend expired. Here let me pause a moment, and request my readers to imitate the examples of the good, who, by walking in the paths pointed out by our great Creator, are always enabled to meet death without fear; whilst the wicked, in such moments, besides the torment of present pains, are suffering under the expectation of future ones far more dreadful.

A mutual friendship commenced between Albert and Laura, which was carefully encouraged by Basil; and as they grew up they doted more and more upon each other. The early part of their lives was spent amidst the greatest joys. Laura was famed for all the accomplishments that so eminently distinguish her sex, and Albert imbibed from his countrymen all those sentiments of liberty and true benevolence which are the leading characteristics of a free-born people. When he was in his nineteenth year, he, one afternoon, led the blushing Laura into a parlour where the venerable Basil was sitting with the holy bible before him, commenting on the wisdom of his Maker, and adoring his works. His two children fell upon their knees: "Father," said Albert, "we hope that we have always done our duty to you; at least we can say that we have endeavoured to fulfil it. You have constantly told us our happiness is the most important consideration that occupies your mind: give then, your consent to our union, and Heaven will surely bless a marriage which is founded in love, and sanctioned by the consent of a good parent."

"My dear children," replied Basil, "I can now lay my hands upon this sacred book, and say, that I have done my best for your welfare and comfort: God forbid that I should be the means of making you uneasy in such a request as this

when there seems a prospect of so much happiness in store for both. Go, sweetest joys of my heart; be married when you will, and my blessings attend you."

Albert and Laura retired to felicitate each other on their good fortune. The neighbours assembled, and decorated their cottage with garlands and other fantastic inventions; nothing was seen on the plain but dancing, festivity, and preparations for the following morning, when the ceremony was to take place. Congratulations were whispered in their ears from every one, and the time passed on jovially, till evening began to approach: they perceived at a distance one of their friends descend with swiftness the mountain, at the foot of which they was sporting: terror was in his countenance—"Cease, young men," cried he; cease your pleasures, and prepare for war. Your country is threatened by an ambitious foe, and it is only by the courage of its inhabitants that it can be preserved."

The hearts of the women sunk within them at this intelligence, whilst the eyes of the men sparkled with anger: all crowded round, and demanded to know the particulars.

France, replied the messenger, in order to insure herself the conquest of the Austrians, wishes to enslave our country, by which she would have better means of irruption into the lands of her brave opponent; and for this purpose does not scruple to attack us, who for two centuries have lived in peace and injured no one. The only alternative left us is to defy her power."

There was but one sensation agitated the assembly during this recital. The youths fondly embraced each other, and exclaimed unanimously, "We will conquer, or die." They immediately resolved to offer their services in defence of the state. Albert was among the foremost of these heroes. Whilst reflecting on the dangers that were likely to ensue, he forgot for a moment his beloved Laura; and, when he recovered his serenity, found her in tears. He immediately consoled her in the best manner he was able, and, after begging pardon for his inattention, led her towards home.

Basil was confounded at the alarming news they brought him, and, addressing himself to Albert, said, "A hard trial

now awaits you; may honour direct your choice. Do you attend our young warriors to the camp, or will you be united to Laura, and remain behind in safety?

"I will face death in defence of my native land," replied the youth. "Let me join my brethren in resisting the common foe, and I shall enjoy the society of my dear Laura with tenfold pleasure, by the consciousness that I merit her esteem as a reward for my hardships."

"My gallant son," cried Basil, "you claim my warmest fondness; you have decided as I wished."

Albert turned to embrace Laura.

"Go," said she, attempting to stifle her tears; "I sacrifice every hope for your reputation, I must not regret your absence, for I consider that it is the duty of every one to protect his country when its welfare is endangered."

Albert would have replied, but the horn resounded through the valley, and he perceived his comrades already on their march. "Ha!" cried he, rushing from the cottage, "I shall be the last. Dearest father! dearest Laura! farewell."

Some days after the departure of Albert, Basil received a letter from him. It was dated in the canton of Unterwalden, and containing the most disastrous intelligence: the concluding words were these.—"All is ruin and destruction; on every side we meet the fire and sword of our barbarous and unprovoked enemies. Some mothers are lamenting their lost sons slain in battle; others hang with terror over their bleeding infants, stabbed while clinging to their breast. Our dispirited forces forget their duty, and are deserting from the banners; every regiment is returning to its particular canton, and the one in which I am enrolled is on its march homewards; so that in a very short time you may expect me with my comrades in the neighbourhood of our cottage, where I will conquer or perish in your defence."

Tears trickled down the cheeks of Basil as he read this melancholy recital. He lifted up his eyes to Heaven, and offered a silent prayer for the welfare of his unhappy country. The amiable Laura hung over his shoulder with looks of doubt and apprehension whilst he read the letter; and, when he had concluded, she burst into a flood of tears.

"Weep not! weep not!" cried Basil. "The tree, overgrown with age, is encumbered by the weight of its branches, and sees its trunk almost borne to the earth; so France may extend her conquests for a time, but she will at length become the victim of those whom she now insolently tramples upon. Dry your tears, my girl, and believe me, though the virtuous may sometimes smart under the iron rod of affliction, a day of retribution is always prepared for the wicked."

After a little persuasion he restored the sweet orphan's courage, and she endeavoured to bear the sorrowful news with some degree of fortitude. Three days elapsed, and no fresh intelligence arrived from Albert. On the fourth morning the inhabitants of the valley were awakened before day light by the sound of clarions: it was a division of troops belonging to the canton, which had left the main army, and just reached their camp, about a quarter of a mile distant. Bazil rose to learn the cause of the disturbance, and was met at the door by his son. The old man shook with transport, and clasped Albert in his arms, calling him by the tenderest names: when his feelings had subsided, he said, "What have you to tell me?"

"But little, father," replied Albert, "We are vanquished: nothing remains for us now but to live in slavery, or suffer death."

"The latter is preferable," cried Basil; "but we will first convince our foes that we are not to be conquered without resistance. Come, enter the cottage, and see your dear Laura: let her smiles for a moment dissipate the anxiety which fills your breast. Alas! we shall not long be able to call this delightful residence our own."

The meeting of the two lovers after so short an absence was very affectionate; but their recollection soon turned to the future, and they knew not but this was the last time they might see each other.

Their apprehension was not without foundation, for before the day closed news arrived that the enemy were within an hour's march of the valley. The inhabitants were abandoning their cottages for refuge in the wood, and Basil could recommend nothing else for the safety of his children. Albert proposed to fly into Italy, or some other

foreign country; but the French troops had unfortunately taken possession of all the passes, and their endeavours to escape would have been fruitless. In consequence, they followed the example of their neighbours, and took shelter in an adjacent forest.

Early on the following morning they heard the clash of cymbals die along the air, and, accompanied by some more fugitives, ventured out of the thicket where they had concealed themselves to the skirts of the wood. They perceived volumes of smoke issuing from their little habitations, which the victorious banditti were destroying by fire. Shuddering with fear, they again returned to their hiding place, and, being overcome with fatigue and hunger and the tedious anxiety experienced during the night, made a scanty meal on the wild fruits which the forest afforded.

Laura's delicate constitution was not able to bear the inclemency of the open air. Albert and his father set to work for her convenience, and formed a kind of shed with the branches of trees, which she reposed under when weary. It was a poor shelter, but in her eyes preferable to ravishment and slavery under an unrelenting foe.

Several days elapsed without any thing particular, till, one morning Basil having penetrated a little distance into the wood for the purpose of gathering fruit, Albert seated himself pensively at the entrance of the shed, and was watching the lovely Laura while she enjoyed the sweets of sleep. Suddenly he heard a rustling among the bushes, and a low murmuring that seemed to proceed from behind the thatch; he laid his hand on his sword, but, ere he could draw it, a band of French soldiers advanced and disarmed him. His struggles awoke Laura; she ran towards the officer who commanded the detachment, and on her knees implored his mercy: he was for a moment moved at her tears, but quickly conceived the diabolical design of securing her to himself, and ordered the soldiers to conduct her to the camp. Laura resisted, and endeavoured to free herself; whilst Albert made a motion to assist her, but was felled to the ground by a blow from the officer. Burning with rage, he rose, and, breaking from the soldiers who tried to withhold him, drew forth a pocket pistol which he had conceal-

ed in his belt, and shot his adversary dead. The guards stood amazed at this piece of courage. Albert, flushed with success, forgot his danger, and was embracing his dear Laura, when a soldier stabbed him in the back with a bayonet. The wounded youth fell, covered with blood, and, for the few short moments his fainting spirit struggled with death, he articulated, in broken sentences, "Father! Laura!" and expired.

Laura, whose nerves were naturally weak, was overcome with horror: the shock had so great effect upon her, that she could not support herself. Her sight failed her, and she fell lifeless on the body of the deceased.

At that instant Basil returned; it is not possible to describe his feelings at so unexpected a sight. After the first emotions of his grief were ended, he addressed himself to the soldiers in these words,

"Frenchmen! ye who aspire to rule the world, you will not effect your design without showing mercy to those whom the fortune of war puts in your power. Your country has committed the grossest injustice in proceeding hostilely against us; and it was the least generosity you could have shown to spare the wretched, when force was no longer opposed to you. You have here murdered two innocent people who never wronged you in the remotest thought. Go on fill up the measure of your crimes. You will acquire the title of conquerors, but never that of Christians; and, remember, that an awful day will arrive, when for these your evil deeds "God will bring you unto judgment."

So saying, he knelt down, and kissed the cheeks of the deceased lovers. The soldiers quitted the spot, ashamed of what they had done, and some of them felt a pang of remorse, if there dwells any in the hearts of barbarians.

Albert and Laura were interred in one grave beside each other: as they had lived together in life, so in death their father would not separate them. Basil survived them but a very short time; the severity of his reflections, joined to the natural infirmities of old age, reduced him in a few weeks to the same state as his children. He had lost the only treasures, that endeared him to this world, and died, joyfully expecting a reward in the world to come.

AN EXTRAORDINARY STORY.

IN the country, last year, says Madame de Montier, I was in company with a good friar, eighty years of age, from whom I had the following story:

'About forty years ago he was sent for to a highwayman, to prepare him for death. They shut him up in a small chapel, with the malefactor, and while he was making every effort to excite him to repentance, he perceived the man was absorbed in thought, and hardly attended to his discourse. My dear friend, said he, do you reflect that in a few hours you must appear before your Almighty judge; what can divert your attention from an affair of such importance?—True, father, returned the malefactor, but I cannot divest myself of an idea that you have it in your power to save my life.—How can I possibly effect that, rejoined the friar; and even supposing I could, should I venture to do it, and thereby give you an opportunity of accumulating your crime? If that be all that prevents you, replied the malefactor, you may rely on my word; I have beheld the rack too near, to again expose myself to its torments. The friar acted as I and you should have done in a similar situation, he yielded to the impulse of compassion, and it only remained to contrive the means of his escape. The chapel where they were, was lighted by one small window near the top, fifteen feet from the ground. You have only said the criminal, to set your chair on the altar, which we can remove to the foot of the wall, and if you will get upon it, I can reach the top by the help of your shoulders. The friar consented to this manœuvre, and having replaced the altar, which was portable, he seated himself quietly in his chair. About three hours after, the executioner, who began to grow impatient, knocked at the door, and asked the friar what had become of the criminal. He must have been an angel, replied he, coolly, for by the faith of a priest he went out through that window. The executioner, who found himself a loser by this account, inquired if he was laughing at him, and ran to inform the judges. They repaired to the chapel where our good man was sitting, who,

pointing to the window, assured them, upon his conscience, that the malefactor flew out at it; and that, supposing him an angel, he was going to recommend himself to his protection; that moreover, if he was a criminal, which, he could not suspect, after what he had seen, he was not obliged to be his guardian. The magistrates could not preserve their gravity at this good man's *sang froid*, and after wishing a pleasant journey to the culprit, went away. Twenty years after, this friar travelling over the Ardennes, lost his way, just as the day was closing; a kind of peasant accosted him, and, after examining him very attentively, asked him whither he was going, and told him the road he was travelling was a very dangerous one; if you will follow me, he added, I will conduct you to a farm at no great distance, where you may pass the night in safety. The friar was much embarrassed; the curiosity visible in the man's countenance excited his suspicions; but considering that if he had a bad design towards him, it was impossible to escape, he followed him with trembling steps. His fear was not of long duration, he perceived the farm which the peasant had mentioned, and as they entered, the man, who was the proprietor of it, told his wife to kill a capon, with some of the finest chickens in the poultry-yard, and to welcome his guest with the best cheer. While supper was preparing, the countryman, re-entered, followed by eight children, whom he thus addressed: My children, pour forth your grateful thanks to this good friar; had it not been for him, you would not have been here, nor I either; he saved my life. The friar instantly recollected the features of the speaker, and recognised the thief, whose escape he had favoured. The whole family loaded him with caresses and kindness; and when he was alone with the man, he inquired how he came to be so well provided for. I kept my word with you said the thief, and resolved to lead a good life in future. I begged my way hither, which is my native country, and engaged in the service of the master of this farm; gaining his favour by my fidelity and attachment to his interest, he gave me his only daughter in marriage. God has blessed my endeavours; I have amassed a little wealth, and I beg you will dispose of me and all that belongs to me; I shall now die content, since I have seen and been able to testify my grati-

tude towards my deliverer. The friar told him he was well repaid for the service he had rendered him, by the use to which he had devoted the life he had preserved. He would not accept of any thing as a recompense, but could not refuse to stay some days with the countryman, who treated him like a prince. This good man then obliged him to make use at least of one of his horses to finish his journey, and never quitted him till he had traversed the dangerous roads that abound in those parts.

ZIAMO, THE AFRICAN.

COMMERCIAL transactions led me to Jamaica. The rapid vicissitudes of wet and sultry weather, peculiar to its climate, soon impaired my health. I withdrew, therefore to a house situated on the brow of a hill, nearly in the center of the island, where the air was more temperate, and the soil less subject to damps than the parts adjacent to the town. Several rivulets intersected the neighbouring mountains, which were clothed with richest verdure, and gently meandering toward the sea, watered in their easy course, fields enamelled with flowers, spacious plains covered with orange groves, coffee trees, sugar canes, and innumerable other valuable plantations.

The handsome building in which I resided belonged to my worthy friend Paul Wilmot, of Philadelphia; a man bred up, like myself, in old church principles. Indeed, all our habits and general manner of thinking were pretty similar. His family consisting of an amiable wife and three small children, greatly enhanced the pleasure I derived from his society.

Whenever my infirm state of health permitted a ramble about the country, I beheld a new world rise around me, and discovered beauties of scenery utterly unknown to the inhabitants of England and Pennsylvania. I visited various settlements and was surprized at the wealth they exhibited. The proprietors received me with open arms, and

lavish hospitality; yet I could not help remarking a certain indescribable roughness not to say ferocity, in their physiognomy and deportment. Their studied politeness had no "milk of human kindness" in it. I perceived them surrounded with slaves whom they treated with the most wanton barbarity; and, on my inquiring how those wretched beings fared, I shuddered with horror at the savage refinements in cruelty to which Avarice excites her votaries. The poor humbled victims of oppression knew scarce an interval of solid comfort.

I returned to my friend's house with a mind depressed with sorrow. This sentiment, however, was quickly alleviated by contrary emotions; for, in his happy household, peace and contentment dwelt equally apparent on the countenances both of blacks and whites.

Wilmot required the performance of very moderate tasks at the hands of his slaves; he even allowed them to work for themselves two days in the week; granting each individual a plot of ground to cultivate as he chose, with full permission to sell its produce. Every negro who behaved well for the space of ten years, was sure of obtaining his liberty. And these freedmen, continuing attached to my friend, encouraged others by their example whilst they familiarized them to the practice of regularity.

His negroes were distributed into little families, the quiet abodes of affectionate and heartfelt satisfaction. These were reciprocally connected. Whenever I entered the plantation in an evening, I was sure to be regaled with the sound of vocal and instrumental music, and with the sight of dancing and innocent festivity. The slaves were seldom ill or idle; and thefts, suicides, conspiracies, and a long catalogue of crimes to which despair gives birth, occasionally to the destruction of our colonies, were here unknown.

I had been in Jamaica somewhat more than three months, when a Benin negro, known by the name of John, caused a revolt among the blacks of two rich plantations, murdered their proprietors, and retreated to the mountains. These almost inaccessible fastnesses abound in the interior of the island, and inclose many fertile vallies, where some revolted

negroes anciently established themselves. Th eyare called *Maroons*. It is now a long while since they waged war against us; only, when any slaves desert, these negroes collect together, and unexpectedly make dreadful incursions to avenge the wrongs which the recent fugitives may have undergone. We soon learned that John had been elected chief of the Maroons, and was advancing from the vallies above-mentioned at the head of a very considerable force. The alarm spread through the colony like wildfire.

Troops were instantly detached towards the mountain, and soldiers skilfully stationed in such plantations as seemed most capable of defence.

One morning Wilmot rushed into my room just before sunrise, exclaiming; "Heaven never fails to visit the sins "of the oppressor. To-day, perhaps, is the crisis of pre- "destined vengeance. The Maroons have surprized our "outposts, and cut in pieces the troops which guarded them! "They pour down upon us amain! Reinforcements are "anxiously expected from the city. Meanwhile, all the "planters are chaining up their slaves.—Come, come . . . "Be of good cheer, my friend. Mine shall be armed."

We went and mustered the negroes, and delivered to them swords and guns. "My lads!" cried Wilmot, "here are arms for you. If I have been a hard task-mas- "ter, kill me; I deserve to die. But, if you have ever "found me an indulgent father, join now in protecting my "wife and little ones."

The negroes answered him with loud shouts. They first pointed to the sky, then laid their hands upon the earth, and solemnly swore they would all shed the last drop of their blood in our defence. Some inflicted deep gashes in their flesh with knives, to evince their sovereign contempt of wounds and pain; others ran, and eagerly embraced Wilmot's tender offspring.

As John was in possession of the plain, it was impossible to escape to the city: We were obliged, therefore, to defend ourselves in the plantation. I proposed to the negroes to fortify a large storehouse, about four hundred yards from the family dwelling. This storehouse, I intended, should serve as a fortress against enemies destitute of artil-

lery. The negroes undertook it immediately; and thanks to their honest zeal, the work was speedily compleated.

Amongst Wilmot's slaves, was a negro named Francisco. I one day found him abandoned to his fate by the waterside, near a Spanish colony. His thigh had just been amputated. A young female was stanching the blood, and bewailing the inefficacy of her care. She had an infant with her of a few days old. I ordered the fainting negro to be carried on board my ship; and the young woman conjuring me not to part them; but to take her also, and the child, I consented. They were slaves I learned, to a Spaniard, who had made some offers to Mary, (for so the handsome female was called) which were very ill received, and for which Francisco had not been sparing in his reproaches. The Spaniard took a bloody revenge. He pretended these two slaves were Christians, because they had been baptized according to colonial custom; and having detected the negro in the performance of certain religious rites, peculiar to Benin, he thus inhumanly mutilated him, and then boasted the clemency of his treatment.—

I went to this barbarian, and offered to purchase his victims. He started difficulties at first; but the sum tendered soon brought him round. I took the slaves home with me, and gave them to Wilmot. Mary became his wife's chosen attendant; whilst Francisco, by his sound sense, his knowledge in agricultural matters, and his uniformly good conduct, gained Wilmot's confidence, and the esteem of every member of the settlement.

Francisco came to us at nightfall. "The chief of the "blacks," said he, is a native of Benin. As such, he a- "dores the great Orissa, the fountain of life, the father of "mankind. He must needs be just and merciful. He "comes to punish the foes of Orissa's children. But, as "for you," continued he, looking affectionately at me and Wilmot, "you, who have soothed their misfortunes,— "doubt not but he will respect your virtue. My masters, "send the man one of the worshippers of Orissa, one of our "Benin brethren. Let your messenger tell the warrior "how you feed your slaves. Let him recount your kind- "nesses towards us, and the comforts and pleasures we en-

"joy. Ah! Believe me, you will soon see those all-con-
"quering bands grounding their arms, and strewing their
"zagays at your feet."

We took Francisco's advice, and dispatched a young fellow-countryman to the chief of the blacks. During his absence, my friend and I betook ourselves to repose, and slept most soundly; for our faithful garrison was on the alert.

Being awakened at daybreak by confused outcries and vollies of musket shot, which proceeded from the plain, and seemed to approach nearer and nearer every moment; I hastily threw up my window. Wilmot's house, as I have already observed, was situated on the brow of a hill, and commanded prospects over a vast extent of champaign country, well wooded and watered, charmingly diversified with gentlemen's seats, and abounding in all the rich productions of luxuriant fertility, assisted by the highest cultivation—The greater part of those elegant buildings which I lately so much admired, were now on fire. Two or three hundred spiry volumes of lurid flame were blazing up, at once, to the tops of the mountains: where they were lost in a thick undistinguishable chaos of vapours, clouds, and smoke. Beneath this gloomy mass, at partial intervals, I beheld the sea glittering with the earliest rays of a bright morning sun, Here and there, too, I beheld flowery meads and choicest pasture lands, pleasure grounds and distant settlements, woods, mountains, and vallies, free from the devouring contagion, and basking under the cheering effulgence of the same glorious luminary. I cast mine eyes upon the expanse below, and saw flocks and herds, on one side, browsing in the most perfect security; whilst, on another side, I saw men and cattle flying across the country in all directions, and the exasperated negroes either pursuing the fenceless planters over the open savannahs, sword in hand; or butchering them amidst the more intricate recesses of orange groves, coffee trees, and blooming cinnamons. More immediately around me I heard the soft murmur of rivulets, and the warble of birds; whilst redoubled peals of musketry, and shrieks of slaughter; and shouts of glutted triumph, ascended slowly from the scene of desolation afar off.

Such a striking contrast—between the calm serenity of quiescent nature, and the wildest paroxysms of fear and fury,—between the smiling appearances of profound peace, and the countless horrors of exacerbated vengeance,—between redundant prosperity, and hopeless ruin,—between a Paradise, and a valley of death,—threw me into a most melancholy mood. A strong and awful compound of gratitude to my heavenly Creator, the giver of all good gifts, and of compassion toward my sinful fellow-creatures, who abused them, absorded every faculty of my soul, and ..... I burst into tears.

I went out of the house with my friend. We sent the women and the old men into our fortified storehouse; and walked down ourselves to a clump of cedars which hid part of the dire transaction from our view.

The young negro, whom we had dispatched to the victors, re-appeared; he was accompanied by four stout blacks armed. His rapturous exclamations, his extravagant gestures, his playful runs and leaps, when at a great distance, had already assured us he was the bearer of joyful tidings. "O massa, massa," said the fond, delighted creature to Wilmot, as soon as he could gain breath to articulate, "my dear "massa; black warrior your good, good friend. He send "his own officers to salute you, massa. No long while "pass, black warrior come see you himself."

We learned that John slew men, women, and children, indiscriminately; in plantations where the negroes had been maltreated; that in others, he contented himself with simply liberating the slaves; but that he set fire to every dwelling, whose master fled.

We learned, at the same time, that the Governor had ordered out a fresh detachment of troops; that all the planters who escaped had taken up arms, and were reinforced by such slaves as still remained faithful; and that their united efforts would soon be directed against the assailants.

The Maroons were now returning to the mountains, laden with plunder; and the order of their march brought them, by degrees pretty near our house. Suddenly, about thirty leaders quitted the main body, and drew toward us. The formidable John was at their head.

John or rather ZIMAO,—for, when they regain their freedom, the Maroons indignantly throw off European appellations.—Zimao was a young man, twenty-two years old. The celebrated statutes of Apollo and of Antinoüs possess not more regular features, or more exact proportions. I was particularly struck with his noble and commanding aspect: I never saw a man who seemed so born to sovereignty. He was animated with the fierce glow of combat, and reeking from slaughter; but, when he accosted us, his eyes beamed mildness and benevolence. Conflicting emotions rapidly succeeded each other in his expressive countenance. He was, almost at the same instant, gloomy and affable, furious and benign.

" I have vindicated my race and lineage;" said he mournfully. " At length I have assumed retribution ..... Men " of peace!" he continued, " men of peace! Abhor not " the unfortunate Zimao. Shun me not for the crimson " that defiles me! 'Tis the blood of tyrants. To terri- " fy, to appal the wicked, I burst the thongs from the neck " of vengeance.—Let the pale residue of monsters leave their " dens! Let them, now, come forth! They shall see their " fellows bleaching in the wind, surrounded by their mur- " dered wives and babes ..... Yet, ah! ye men of peace! " abhor not the unfortunate Zimao. The thunder of my " wrath was just."—

Then hastily turning to our negroes, he exclaimed: " Take your choice! Will ye follow me to the hills? or will " ye stay with your keepers?"

At these words our slaves all crowded round Zimao, and addressed him with ardour. All eagerly extolled Wilmot's liberality, and their own good fortune. They begged Zimao would condescend to enter their huts and mark their cleanliness and conveniencies. They shewed him too the money they had severally acquired. The freedmen exultingly came up, and boasted their well-earned liberty; and, afterwards, prostrating themselves at our feet, took a tender pride in embracing them before Zimao. They swore they would sooner die than leave us. They faultered in their speech, and wept. All seemed afraid they could not suf-

ficiently demonstrate their strong sense of gratitude, respect and love.

Zimao was greatly affected. His whole frame shook with agony; he was, in a manner, beside himself: tears gushed into his eyes; he sobbed aloud; his breathing grew thick and violent; whilst his piercing looks glanced alternately to the slaves, to us, and to the sky. At last, slowly erecting himself with consummate dignity, and extending his hands towards heaven, he cried: "O holy Orissa! Thou "God both of whites and blacks! Thou who fashionedst "the souls of all mankind! behold these grateful beings.— "Behold these MEN.—Oh! shower down thy hottest indig- "nations on the villains who blaspheme thy workmanship "and dare to debase black men to a level with the brutes."

Zimao grasped Wilmot's and my hands, with fervour. "Henceforth," said he, "I shall love two *whites;* yes, I "shall dearly love two..... My fate is probably in your "power, All my spoil is freely yours, if ye will but "oblige me."

We assured him we were desirous of shewing him, readily and without cost, all the good offices we could. We invited him to rest himself: we offered him refreshments. I also sent an order to Francisco to dispatch forthwith, from the storehouse, presents and provisions for Zimao's suite. The chief accepted our civilities with a very gracious air, but refused to enter the house; preferring to lie stretched along upon a mat, beneath some adjacent plantain trees. Our negroes kept respectfully at a distance, considering Zimao with the liveliest marks of curiosity and admiration.

"My friends," he continued, "Orissa knows my heart: "Zimao is not sanguinary. But white men dashed joy "from my lips. They tore me from Matombau, the friend "of my youth; from Ellarrhoë, my much loved bride!— "My friends, sorrow hath not dispirited me: Zimao never "was cast down.—Your white men are cold and phlegmatic; they neither love nor hate; they pant only for gold. "Whereas our passions are all broad awake; impetuous, "permanent, overbearing. Souls of the complexion of "our's, cannot be broken by hardship; with us, contumely fans anger into rage. An unoffended negro is harm-

" less and sweet-tempered; but, insult him, and his hatred
" is the rancour of a fiend.—So hath it fared with me.

" Abundance of wealth is at my disposal; a brave nation
" is subservient to my will; yet my days consume away in
" heaviness: I mourn the loss I have sustained. In the
" solitude of studied retirement, in the darkness and silence
" of the night: whether I engage in contemplation of the
" past, or court oblivion of my grief in broken slumbers:
" still, still the forms of my friend and of my wife arise be-
" fore me; the thrilling music of their discourse still vi-
" brates in mine ears; when, suddenly, even this poor com-
" fort vanishes; I weep—I awake—I am undone. Anon
" fury drinks up my tears, and I am all on fire. I feel ir-
" resistibly impelled to shed blood, and long to hear the
" screams of slaughtered whites. 'Tis done! I obey the
" secret impulse; I gratify the inhuman longing. Alas!
" blood and screams console not, they do but add terror to
" despair..... Men of peace, abhor not the unfortunate
" Zimao."—

Here Zimao pausing a little, two of Wilmot's young slaves prostrated themselves before him. " Ah!" cried he eagerly, " Do you come from Benin? " Do ye recollect " me?"—" yes," replied the youngest, " we were born " subjects to mighty Damel, thy father. My companion " often saw thee at his court, and I have known thee, in thy " early youth, in the village of Onebo. Traitors stole us " from our parents, but *Wilmot became our father.*" He had scarcely uttered these words, when he sprang up, and hastily went away [illegible] at anchor. [illegible] made a slight motion to detain him; and then [illegible] trees, the sails, [illegible] flowers. The [illegible] upon the negro who staid, viewing him with [illegible] struck up the [illegible] complacency. He seemed more reconciled to [illegible] of Jamaica; he seemed to inhale its air with satisfaction, on finding himself in company with his countrymen. After a momentary silence, he again addressed us; " Hearken awhile, ye men of peace! hearken " to the unfortunate Zimao. His hopes rest in you alone. " He merits all your compassion.

" The great Damel, whose heir I am, sent me, in com-
" pliance with ancient Benin customs, to finish my educa-
" tion amongst the husbandmen of Onebo. I was entrust-

" ed to the care of Matombau, one of our most illustrious " Kabashirs, and the best of men. In my father's councils " he had often prevented evil and promoted good; but he " retired, in the prime of life, to the village, where succes- " sors to the empire have been brought up for ages. There " lived Matombau, at peace with earth, with heaven, with " himself. Strife, sloth, falsehood, avarice, ambition, in- " humanity, entered not the village of Onebo. Matombau " gradually rid me of that pride and indolence which court- " ly parasites had encouraged; and I tilled the ground like " my preceptor's domestics, and like himself. I was in- " structed in every branch of husbandry; for agriculture " constitutes our wealth. I soon learned the indispensa- " ble necessity of candour in all social contracts, towards " the due maintenance of children, and the preservation of " individual property. I learned that princes themselves " resembled the husbandmen of Onebo in this respect; and " that they, too, must act justly by each other, if they " would ensure their people's welfare.

" My preceptor had a daughter, the beautiful Ellarrhoë; " I loved her, and found my passion returned. Our cor- " respondence was most innocent; yet we lived but for " each other. We were truly happy. Her father availed " himself of our mutual attachment: I did whatever Ma- " tombau required, in hopes of becoming more worthy of " Ellarrhoë; whilst the desire of rivetting my affection " made all things easy to her. Our joys, our pursuits were " the same. Five years passed in this delicious state, and " I looked forward with confidence [illegible]riosity father's permis- " sion to marry Ellarrhoë.—C[illegible]ed, " Orissa kr[illegible] alone, is our " consort; the rest are the m[illegible] But white n[illegible]sual dalliance. " —I took a peculiar pleasure[illegible]e from Maton[illegible] Ellarrhoë as " the future partner of my throne, [illegible] mu[illegible]parable compa- " nion of my fortunes, through life.

" I eagerly expected Damel's consent, when two Portu- " guese merchants came to Onebo. They sold us imple- " ments of husbandry, household utensils, curious toys, " and ornamental articles of dress. We gave them ivory " and gold dust in exchange: They proposed, indeed, traf- " ficking for slaves; but convicts, only, are sold at Benin,

" and we had none of that description in Onebo. I en-
" quired into your arts and customs: and could not help
" thinking many of the former superfluous, and many of
" the latter unnatural. You know how passionately fond
" the blacks are of music and dancing. These Portuguese
" had several instruments, with which we were unacquaint-
" ed, and regaled us every evening with the most enchant-
" ing melody. Our young villagers used to meet and
" dance around them; now and then, Ellarrhoë and I would
" join the festive party. Sometimes the strangers brought
" us, from their ships, wines, strong liquors, and fruit of
" exquisite and uncommon flavour. In short, they assidu-
" ously courted our friendship, and we began to love them
" most cordially.

" One day, they told us they were under a necesisty of
" returning to their own country. This news affected the
" whole village with grief, and none more so than the gen-
" tle Ellarrhoë. They informed us, with tears, of the time
" when they intended to set sail; adding, they should have
" gone away with less regret, had they but given us an en-
" tertainment on shipboard at their departure. They press-
" ed us to visit them on the morrow, and to bring along
" with us the handsomest youths and maidens we could as-
" semble. We readily consented, and came accordingly;
" accompanied by Matombau and other aged persons, for
" the better preservation of order.

" Onebo is about five miles from the sea. We reached
" the water-side by an hour after daybreak, and espied two
" ships riding at anchor: The decks were shaded with
" branches of trees, the sails, the yards, the shrouds were
" adorned with flowers. The instant they discovered us,
" their bands struck up the sprightliest tunes in concert.
" This gallant show, these exhilarating symphonies prepar-
" ed us for convivial festivity. The Portuguese came jo-
" cundly forth, and welcomed us. They marshalled our
" smiling troop with care; they separated us into two equal
" divisions, and escorted each party to its respective vessel.

" Two cannons fired.—The music stopt.—WE WERE
" PUT IN IRONS!!! The two dungeons slipped their ca-
" bles.—In a few hours, Onebo was out of sight....."

Zimao broke off short. Indignant recollection possessed him wholly. Recovering himself however; "Yes, my "friends!" he continued, "those very men on whom we "had so lavishly bestowed our friendship and our wealth, "carried us away surreptitiously to be sold as slaves with "the convicts bought at Benin. I felt at once the extent "of Ellarrhoë's misfortune, of Matombau's and of mine "own. I overwhelmed the Portuguese with reproaches "and threats; I bit my chains, through very madness; I "tried to destroy myself: but one sweet glance from El-"larrhoë calmed my fury. Thanks to the insidious mon-"sters! they had not yet torn us asunder; Matombau was "in the other vessel.

"Three of our young men and one young woman killed "themselves instantaneously. I exhorted Ellarrhoë to "emulate their conduct; but love reconciled her to life. "The Portuguese gave her to understand, they destined us "for a lot far happier than what we had hitherto enjoyed. "She hoped we should at least remain united, and rejoin "her father. After deploring the loss of liberty for some "days, the pleasure of our being almost always together "dried up Ellarrhoë's tears, and alleviated my despair.

"During the few moments that we were occasionally "free from the restraining presence of our betrayers, El-"larrhoë would press me in her arms, and tenderly exclaim: "'Light of mine eyes! let us encourage one another, and "we shall bear up against it all. Satisfied with thee, of "what need I complain? Ah! what bliss can compare "with the converse of those we love?'—Such soothing "expressions endued me with redoubled fortitude; I fear-"ed nothing, but separation.

"We had been above two months at sea. The winds "were light, and we sailed very slowly. At length, the "breeze totally failed. For some days past the Portuguese "stinted us in our food; now, they barely allowed a suf-"ficiency to preserve life.

"Two negroes, bent upon death, refused every species "of nourishment, passing underhand to us the bread and "dates they received. These I cautiously concealed, and "devoted to Ellarrhoë's use.

" The calm continued: and the ocean, without a billow, " without a wave, without a ripple, presented one vast sur- " face to which our vessel seemed immoveably fixed. The " atmosphere was as still as the water. The sun, the moon " the stars, in their alternate course, broke not the dreadful " serenity of the skies and seas. We repeatedly turned " our eyes to the glassy waste around us, thus threatening " to become our tomb. Sometimes we mistook the quick, " tremulous undulations of light for a motion of the waves; " and sometimes, as we hastily traversed the deck, we fan- " cied wind gently fanned our faces: but, when we look- " ed more earnestly, the dazzling illusion was detected; " when we halted not a breath was perceptible.

" At last, our merciless tyrants kept the remnant of the " ship's stores wholly for themselves, and issued orders that " *part of the blacks should serve as food for the rest!*"

" Alas! I know not which most struck me with horror, " the cannibal injunction itself, or the manner in which " it was received. In the gaunt visages of my compa- " nions, I remarked a sullen joy, a shuddering avidity: " I saw these forlorn associates in servitude and want, eye " each other with the most desperate impatience, with the " fell voracity of famished tygers.

" The first victims were selected from those most affect- " ed by hunger. They were two young girls from the " village of Onebo. The cries of those unfortunates still " vibrate in mine ears: even now, methinks, I behold the " tears flowing down the meagre cheeks of their kinsfolk " —who devour them!

" The wretched provisions I had concealed from our " executioners, supported Ellarhoë's strength and mine. " We were sure of not being picked out for sacrifice; I " had yet a few dates left; and we threw into the sea, un- " observed, our scanty portions of the horrible repast.

" The morning after our comrades first tasted human " flesh, just as the sun's disk half emerged from the sea, " we began anew to entertain hopes. A thin fog appeared " which we trusted might prove the forerunner of clouds " and wind: but the mist slowly dispersed, and the skies " resumed their wonted baleful serenity.

" At first, the cheering anticipation of deliverance " transported both blacks and whites; and our ship exhi- " ted, for the moment, all the tumultuousness of ungo- " vernable joy. But, after the fog cleared up, the most " abject despondency prevailed. Even our oppressors " caught the gloomy sentiment; they grew far less obser- " vant of discipline, they no longer attended to our con- " duct, they kept us under very little restraint, and at " night, when the other captives were made to retire, they " left Ellarrhoë and me upon the deck.

" We were quite alone. As soon as Ellarrhoë per- " ceived this, she clasped me to her palpitating bosom; " I eagerly returned the embrace. Her eyes had never be- " fore looked so expressive, so languishing, so tender. I " had never before felt the ardour, the emotion, the sad- " dened rapture I then experienced. We remained a long " while locked in each other's arms, without speaking. " O thou,' " I at last sighed forth, 'thou whom I chose " for the partner of my throne, thou shalt at least be my " companion till death!"—' Ah! Zimao!' said she, the " great Orissa will yet, perhaps, preserve our lives, I may " yet be thy wife.'—' Ellarrhoë!' I answered, ' had not " these monsters ensnared us, doubt not Damel would " have ratified thy father's consent.'—" ' True,' she re- " joined, ' but are we still under Damel's jurisdiction? " Must we still await a grant that we can never receive?' " —' No, dearest Ellarrhoë, no. Absent from our parents " torn from our country, robbed of our rights, we can now " only consult the dictates of our own hearts.'—' Zimao!' " ..... she exclaimed, and stopt: her tears fell fast upon " my neck.—' Dost thou weep? my beloved! Where then " is thy vaunted fortitude?'—' Alas!' she continued, " Mark the motionless expanse around us, the flagging " sails of our prison, this deck deep-stained with the mur- " der of my sweet young friends, these lessening relics of " our frugal meals!—Dear, dear Zimao, be but thou my " husband, and . . . . . I die happy.'

" As she uttered these words, she renewed he rirresista- " ble caresses. " We solemnly swore, in presence of " the great Orissa, to unite our wayward destinies for eveti " and then indulged in connubial endearments. " The

" terrors of slavery and of death, the deprivation of empire
" the just hopes of vengeance; all, all! were forgotten.
" Love, triumphant, ecstatic love engrossed every sentiment.

" From this blissful state of mental intoxication, we
" again awoke to misery and to the world; and as our heat-
" ed senses grew more composed, our spirits sunk in pro-
" portion. We lay melancholy and dejected by each oth-
" er's side, on the deck; and now, not even a murmur of
" blandishment broke through the awful stillness of sur-
" rounding nature.

" I was relieved from this deplorable listlessness by a
" shout from Ellarrhoë; I started with surprize. Her eyes
" sparkled; she exultingly pointed to the sails and rigging.
" —They shook! The ship moved!—A brisk gale sprang
" up: and, in the course of a fortnight, both vessels reach-
" ed Porto Bello.

" Matombau shed tears at our meeting: he affectionately
" approved our marriage. Would ye think it, my friends?
" The pleasure of rejoining my preceptor, and of being
" Ellarrhoë's husband, the sweets of virtuous love, and joy
" at finding my wife safe from such imminent dangers,
" made me indifferent to misfortune; I could almost have
" hugged my fetters. Ellarrhoë was happy: Matombau
" was resigned.... Yes! I might probably have pardoned
" the villains who betrayed us, had they kept us together:
" but Ellarrhoë and her father were soon sold to a Porto
" Bello planter, and I was delivered over to one of your
" countrymen, who traded in slaves to the Antilles.

" That changed me to a dog of war. I thirsted for re-
" venge and blood. I lolled out the insatiate tongue of
" slaughter. Mine eyeballs shot fire: my teeth gnashed
" with fury. I snarled, I foamed destruction.

" The instant our fate was decided, my wife and her ho-
" noured father threw themselves at the feet of our purcha-
" sers; I also adopted the ignominious posture. Accurst
" humiliation!—They disdained to notice us.

" When they prepared to drag me away, my dear wife,
" with haggard eyes, outstretched hands and piercing ex-

" clamations..... Hell! hell! and do I live to relate it?
" ... My wife darted toward me. I broke from all the
" ruffians who hemmed me in, and fiercely snatched her to
" my heart. We instinctively twined our burning arms
" around each other, and by a convulsive mechanical ef-
" fort clinching our hands, formed a strong natural bond
" of union, that numbers strove to separate in vain. Yet I
" knew they must eventually succeed. I had resolved to
" die; but could I leave Ellarrhoë the prey of lawless ra-
" vishers? I was just about to lose her for ever. I dread-
" ed every thing: I was distracted: I had lost all hope.
" My thoughts were turbid as my fortunes. Tears over-
" flowed my face; I muttered incoherent yells of menace
" and execration. I raged, I raved, like an exhausted li-
" on, writhing in the toils of his hunters.—My hands finally
" gave way; I quitted my hold of Ellarhoë's body, and
" furiously griping her neck: " O *dread Orista!*" ....
" The whites tore her from my grasp. She shrieked at
" my impotent attempt; and even raised her own hands
" to complete it, but they were quickly bound fast to her
" side. She piteously gave me a farewell glance,—her
" looks, her attitude, her voice, all stung me with love,
" with regret, with desperation!

" They hurried me on board of ship; where I was so
" manacled and fastened, that it was impossible for me to
" kill myself: but they could not get me to take sustenance.
" First my new tyrants employed threats; afterwards they
" made me endure tortures, which none, surely, but whites
" could have invented. Well! they knew me not.—I
" braved their malice: I foiled their ingenuity.

" A Benin negro, who had been their slave two years,
" took pity on me. He informed me we were going to
" Jamaica, where it was an easy matter to regain one's li-
" berty. He talked of the Maroons, and of their republic
" in the centre of the island. He told me negroes not un-
" frequently entered on board of English craft, for a run
" to the Spanish isles: In short, he gave me to understand
" Ellarrhoë and her father might yet be delivered." Hopes
" of vengeance and of love again blazed forth: I con-
" sented to live.—Vengeance is now amply atchieved;
" but, ah! when shall I regain my beloved?—Men of
" peace! Take all acquisitions: do but equip ...."

Zimao was interrupted by the arrival of Francisco, supported by the young negro who first recognized his prince. As soon as Zimao saw him, he rapturously exclaimed: "O "my Matombau! my father!" and sprang forwards to meet him, pronouncing with difficulty the name of Ellarrhoë. "She lives, she bewails thy loss," said Matombau, "she is safe, she is here. Behold," continued he, pointing to me, "behold our generous preserver." Zimao alternately folded Matombau, Wilmot, and me in his arms, repeating in a hurried, wandering manner: "Lead me.... lead me to her!"

We were going to set out for the fortress, where our women were confined; when we saw Mary, or rather Ellarrhoë, running towards us.—The same slave who led in Matombau, had immediately returned to fetch her.—She came, with her hands and eyes uplifted to Heaven, trembling, and in tears, ejaculating in half stifled accents: "Zi- "mao, my Zimao!"

She had left her little charge in the young Benin negroe's care. After fondly embracing her husband, she presented the infant to him: "Light of mine eyes! see here thy son. "For his dear sake, Matombau and Ellarrhoë have deign- "to live." Zimao seized the child with transport; and, kissing it, cried aloud: "First-born of love! Thou shalt "never, never become a slave! These ebullitions of sensibility were followed by the tenderest caresses. Themselves and their chubby babe, for a while, constituted their world. Afterwards they gave a loose to gratitude. I never knew a man, no, not even a negro, so energetically express his acknowledgments.

Numerous spies and outscouts now came in, and informed Zimao the English were on their march. He calmly directed his troops to retreat, and drew them up with the most admirable regularity. Ellarrhoë and Matombau melted into tears, at quitting us. They earnestly begged they might retain a place in our valued remembrance; they implored Orissa's choicest blessings on our heads; they conjured us to visit them when we could make it convenient. We, too, were by no means unmoved at parting; and promised to go and see them, whenever peace should be concluded between the Maroons and our cruelly-offending colonies.

THE MONK OF THE GROTTO.

TWO French gentlemen, who were on their travels in Italy, in the year 1779, stopped at the Dutchy of Urbino, where they proposed to remain a few months. As their principal object was merely that of amusing themselves by researches into the natural history and mineralogy of the country, they had left their carriage and servants at Formignano, and continued their excursions on foot to such places as were most deserving their attention.

One afternoon, in the month of August, they had wandered farther than usual, and suddenly found themselves in the midst of a valley, the wild and romantic aspect of which invited their attention. The hope of discovering some of the wonderful productions with which nature abounds, in the recesses of the steep rocks that surrounded them, induced them to prolong their stay beyond their original intention.

After having followed the course of a rivulet, which meandered through several huge masses of granite, they arrived at the entrance of a spacious grotto, overgrown with thick moss, and shaded by the gloomy foliage of lofty fir and cypress trees. The profound silence that reigned around them, was only interrupted by the turtle-doves, whose plaintive murmurs were re-echoed by the neighbouring mountains, and by the monotonous sound of a number of cascades, whose transparent waters, after having formed a vast bason, reflecting the serene azure of the sky, lost themselves in the luxuriant scene, amidst the aromatic plants which embalmed the air with their sweet perfume.

Fatigue, and the excessive heat of the weather, induced the two friends to enter the grotto, and enjoy its refreshing coolness. After having for some time been lost in admiration of the sublime beauties of the country open to their view, they were impelled by curiosity to explore the interior part of the grotto. The soil on which they walked was smooth, and covered with light moss; an easy declivity conducted them to a kind of vaulted passage, through which

the light penetrated by numerous cavities of the rock. The desire of discovering petrifactions, or other objects of natural history, so captivated their attention, that they insensibly found themselves bewildered in the subterraneous labyrinth, and when they wished to return, they in vain endeavoured to retrace the path which had conducted them to the spot at which they had arrived. The faint light that served to direct them, diminished every instant; and they reflected with dread, that night would soon surprise them in a place, from which, in all probability, no human creature would come to deliver them. They stopped a few minutes to determine what course they should adopt, and at length resolved to continue advancing, since whichever way they directed their steps, the danger was equal. Night soon augmented their perplexity, and they were compelled to use every precaution, in order to avoid falling over the numerous rocky projections with which, they had observed, the place abounded.

After having proceeded for three quarters of an hour, with extreme fatigue, they thought they perceived the doubtful rays of a light at some distance. They quickened their pace, and were soon convinced that the light they had seen, came from a sort of recess, or apartment, cut out in the rock. The fear of discovering robbers at first deterred them from entering; however, their curiosity got the better of their apprehensions, they advanced with caution, and, to their inexpressible surprise, distinguished a venerable Hermit on his knees, and his eyes raised towards Heaven. A lamp, placed at some distance, reflected its pale, fluttering light upon a tomb, strewed over with a few branches of cypress and wild roses.—The Hermit appeared to be about forty-five years of age; he was extremely emaciated, but his figure and deportment were noble and commanding.—He prayed with the most fervent devotion; suddenly, as if inspired by the sentiment which animated him, he exclaimed in a lofty tone of voice—"God of Mercy, receive the prayers of thy servant!"—Then turning towards the tomb, he inclined his head, crossed his hands on his breast, his countenance appeared depressed, he heaved a deep sigh and tears fell from his eyes.

An ejaculation which escaped one of the travellers, startled the Hermit. He looked round him with astonishment,

and perceiving the two strangers, immediately drew forth a pistol from his girdle.

"Fear nothing, my good Father," said the gentleman whose emotion had betrayed him; "we are two travellers, whose ardent pursuits, in search of the wonders of Nature, have urged us to explore this subterraneous abode, from whence we should have despaired finding a passage, had not Providence sent you to our assistance. Here are our arms, which we willingly deliver up to you, as a proof of our friendship and good faith."

"I am happy," replied the Hermit, with a smile expressive of beneficence, "you have had the good fortune to find me; for it would have been next to an impossibility that you should have found your way out of a labyrinth, whose windings are so intricate."

As he finished these words, he took the lamp, and leaving the cell, which he closed by an iron door, that the travellers had not at first perceived, put the key in his girdle, and walked before them.

After having proceeded by a variety of turnings, they arrived at the grotto. The Hermit, who had hitherto preserved a profound silence, said—"I fear, gentlemen, you will never be able, at this time of night, to find your way from so isolated a part of the country. If you are willing to accept a bed at my Convent, which is about a mile from hence, I offer you my hospitality with pleasure, and to-morrow will furnish you with a guide to conduct you.

The travellers immediately accepted the invitation.—Their curiosity had been too much excited by what they had witnessed, for them to resolve upon quitting the Hermit without endeavouring to satisfy it.

The night was extremely dark, black clouds floated over the tops of the tall cypress trees, the wind whistled through their agitated leaves, and numerous birds of prey mingled their piercing cries with the murmuring noise of the falling cascades. The faint glimmer of the lamp, whose rays scarce extended beyond the path through which the travellers proceeded, made them more sensibly feel the horrors of the profound obscurity which enveloped them.

" A dreadful storm is preparing," said the Hermit; " it will soon burst on our heads. We will take a more direct oad, in order to arrive the sooner at the Monastery."

He then hastened towards a path which conducted them behind the grotto; but scarce had they arrived on a platform situated on a level with the rows of cypress, than a flash of lightning darted from the clouds; the thunder rolled, and echo reverberated the awful sounds which struck the ears of the travellers. They increased their pace, the rain began to fall in torrents, when a second flash, more vivid than the first, shed such a light around the scene, that the two Frenchmen thought they beheld a mass of stones and ruins heaped together, near an immense building which appeared before them.

" Dare I enquire of you, my father," said the youngest of the travellers, " what ruins those are which appear before us?"

" They are," replied the Hermit, " the remains of a part of the Abbey of Benedictines, which you have observed; the wing, of which these are the ruins, has not existed these ten years."

In a short time time they gained an avenue planted with poplars, to the right of the ruins, at the end of which they perceived a Gothic building, surmounted with lofty turrets. The Hermit knocked at a massy gate, and, in a few minutes after, the travellers found themselves in the interior of the monastery. The Prior, as well as the Monks, received them with the utmost benevolence; and after a repast, in which nothing that could satisfy the appetite was spared, they were conducted to a commodious apartment to pass the night.

It was seven in the morning when the travellers awoke. The weather appeared gloomy, and the rain still continued. They rose, and left their apartment, in order to repair to the chamber in which they had supped on the preceding evening.—Upon entering it, they perceived one of the order, whose venerable figure and silver locks inspired respect and veneration. He was sitting down, and appeared to be reading with attention. When he observed the travellers, he rose up, saluted them with the greatest complacency,

and invited them to an adjoining study, where breakfast was prepared.

"Our Fathers," said he, "have directed me to entertain you. They are at mass, and will attend you as soon as it is over."

The travellers thanked him; and, after conversing upon a variety of indifferent matters, they ventured to ask several questions respecting what they had seen the evening before in the subterraneous vault.

Father Carlo," answered the Monk, "is perhaps the person entitled to the most esteem and consideration of any belonging to our Order. He is one of the benefactors of our Monastery. He is the favoured nephew of Cardinal Caprara, who has done all in his power to invest him with the first dignities of the Church; but the humility and piety of Father Carlo, and the misfortunes which it is said he experienced in his youth, have rendered him insensible to all wordly advantages; he has even refused to be our Prior, and is contented to occupy that rank among us which his obedience entitles him to, namely, that which chance may assign him at our elections.—The life he leads is cited as an example worthy the imitation of all our young Novices. No one ever performed the sacred duties prescribed by our regulations in a more exemplary manner. He allows himself to indulge in no sort of recreation, except walking about the country in the neighbourhood of our Monastery; but it is very seldom he returns so late as he did yesterday. Doubtless it was his good angel that conducted him to you." said the old Friar, "for you would have had extreme difficulty in discovering your road, in a night so dark and stormy as the last was."

"Is there no person," said one of the travellers, "who is acquainted with the misfortunes which Father Carlo has experienced?"

"Never," replied the Friar, "have the slightest details come to our knowledge. It is a secret known only to one of our Fathers, who is the intimate friend of Father Carlo, but who has been absent several days, upon business relating to the Monastery.—I only presume that the destruction of the part of the Abbey of Benedictines, the ruins of

which you perceived near this place, has some reference to the misfortunes which have imbittered the life of our worthy brother. I have heard that a Nun, of the name of—"

Here the old Friar was interrupted by the arrival of the Prior and Father Carlo, followed by several persons belonging to the Order. Our travellers received as kind a welcome from them as they had received the night before; and were entreated, as the weather continued rainy and dark, to pass the day in the Convent. The two friends willingly consented, only requesting a messenger might be sent to Formignano, in order to calm the anxiety their friends might feel on their account.

After breakfast, Father Carlo conducted them to the library belonging to the Convent, and afterwards shewed them a superb cabinet of natural history. The manner in which he described the various objects of its contents, sufficiently proved the extent of his information; and his conversation was so instructive and agreeable, that they listened to him with delight and satisfaction. They particularly admired in him that purity of expression, grace, and noble politeness, which distinguish those who are bred in the higher ranks of society. When they contemplated his figure, which, notwithstanding the paleness and depression of his features, preserved all its symmetry and regularity, and when they examined his majestic and elegant deportment, they could not avoid confessing that Father Carlo must, in his youth, have been a most accomplished man. Their curiosity to learn the history of his misfortunes, was increased by the interest with which he had inspired them; yet they knew not by what means to obtain the recital of what they so ardently desired to know.

They endeavoured to find the Friar who had, in the morning, expressed some hints to them upon the subject; but they were informed he had just departed to a village, about four miles distant, to visit a person who was dying.

By the time dinner was over, the weather had cleared up, and they repaired with the Monks to the garden of the Abbey. Father Carlo, knowing their taste for natural history, conducted them to a superb grotto, formed of shell-

work which terminated one of the alleys of the park. After having admired the beauty and singular form of many of the shells, the two friends directed the conversation to the objects of mineralogy, which they had contemplated the preceding evening.

"You appear, my Father," said one of them, "to be perfectly acquainted with this place. We cannot too highly felicitate ourselves upon our extraordinary good fortune in meeting with you at the moment we had despaired of recovering our lost way; but we fear we interrupted, by our presence, the religious act in which you appeared occupied."

Father Carlo returned no answer; his countenance became sad; he uttered with a low voice a few unintelligible words; then rushing into an adjoining alley, he disappeared from their view.

The travellers were greatly surprised at this unaccountable conduct.

"I perceive with pain," said the elder of the two, "that we must renounce our hopes of learning the particulars of an adventure, which, I confess, more and more excites my curiosity; but we cannot put any further questions to Father Carlo, without wounding his delicacy. Perhaps the Friar who conversed with us this morning, will return before we leave the Monastery. If he should do so, we will endeavour to renew the subject, which was so unfortunately interrupted."

This hope of the travellers was, however, deceived. The Convent bell sounded the hour of repose. During the whole evening, Father Carlo had studiously avoided being alone with them; and they at last retired to their apartment, perfectly convinced that it would be in vain to endeavour to unravel a mystery which was now more than ever the object of their surprise.

The next day, after having expressed their gratitude to the Prior, and the whole of the Order, for the hospitality with which they had been treated, they left the Monastery with a guide, who had orders to conduct them to Formignano. As soon as they were alone, they expressed their

regret at not having seen Father Carlo among his brethren at the moment of their departure. He had been in vain sought for in the interior of the Convent; but scarce had the travellers reached the avenue of poplars leading to the ruins, than they perceived him from afar, walking with a pensive and melancholy air. He approached and saluted them with that grace and dignity which so peculiarly distinguished him.

"I owe you a thousand apologies," said he, "for my conduct yesterday—it must have appeared very extraordinary to you. Allow me, however, without entering into any explanation at present, to entreat you to take charge of a letter which I shall entrust to your care.—I cannot but be sensible to what an height your curiosity must have been raised, by the adventure of the subterraneous passage. It would have been impossible for me to have satisfied it, without renewing those soul-rending griefs, which ten years prayers and meditations, and the consolation of religion have been unable to weaken, or efface the remembrance of.—If you wish to be informed of the destiny of one of the most unhappy mortals Heaven ever condemned to existence, deliver this letter to the Marchioness Justiniani, who is now at Urbino. She is my relation, and is in possession of a number of papers which I have requested her to communicate to you."

On finishing these words, Father Carlo presented the letter to one of the travellers, and respectfully taking leave of them, disappeared without waiting their reply, among the ruins of the Abbey.

The impatience the two friends experienced to learn the secret which, for two days, had been the sole object of their conversation and reflections, would not allow them to repair directly to Formignano. They entreated their guide to conduct them to Urbino, at which place they arrived by noon.

They immediately went to the Palace of Justiniani. No sooner had they stated that they came from Father Carlo, than they were introduced to a superb apartment, where the Marchioness soon waited upon them. She was a lady of about forty years of age, whose figure, without being

handsome, was characterized by an expression of kindness and sensibility, calculated to inspire the most lively interest. After having read Father Carlo's letter, her behaviour towards the two travellers became still more affectionate.

"I see, gentlemen," said she, "that my cousin is desirous I should communicate to you a variety of papers, which contain the history of his life. I possess, it is true, some fragments, which were sent me by a Benedictine Nun, named Sister Marcella, as well as several letters of a young person, who has been the victim of a cruel destiny.—My husband has collated these manuscripts. I offer them to you, such as they are; and I consent to your taking a copy of them. All I require of you is, that you do not communicate them to any one till you shall have arrived in your own country, where you are at liberty to make what use of them you please."

The two gentlemen pledged their word of honour to obey the Marchioness; they returned their thanks for her confidence, and taking leave of her, hastened to the inn, where they read the following history.

IN the midst of a fertile and romantic valley of the Apennines, between the limits of the Bolognese and the Dutchy of Tuscany, is situated the Castle of Torre Vecchia, whose awful and menacing turrets, and Gothic battlements, present from afar the appearance of a fortress. An impenetrable and gloomy forest shades it on one side; on the other, steep and inaccessible rocks rear their pointed heads, in the shape of an amphitheatre. Their barren and rugged summits form a contrast with the verdure of the pasturages which decorate their sides, whilst shrubs and flowerets, of a thousand different sorts, enamel their bases, and project their fugitive shadows over an immense meadow watered by the river Serchio.

For twelve years the Count Caprara and his Countess had retired to this antique castle, the monument of the power and grandeur of their ancestors, who had formerly reigned over a considerable part of Italy. The education of an only son occupied every moment the Count did not devote to the amusements of the chace, of which he was

passionately fond; but the cares of the parent were assisted by the more assiduous attentions of an intelligent and enlightened tutor, under whose auspices the young Eugenio had, from the dawn of infancy, announced the germs of that capacity and genius which time afterwards ripened into maturity.

About a mile from Torre Vecchia, at one of the extremities of the forest, there stands a handsome modern built country villa, in which the Marquis and Marchioness Spanozzi resided best part of the year. A lovely daughter was the only fruit of their union. Tastes conformable to each other, and a reciprocal love of solitude, soon united the two families. Eugenio was about thirteen, and Virginia ten years of age.—These two children loved each other with a degree of affection, which at once excited surprise and satisfaction in the souls of their fond parents.

"My friend," said the Count Caprara to the Marquis Spanozzi, "Eugenio must be the husband of Virginia. Let us encourage in their young hearts a passion which cannot but be the source of every virtue, since their union will one day be the consequence of it."

Eugenio made a rapid progress in the arts and sciences, instilled into his young mind. A smile or a kiss from Virginia was an ample reward for his assiduity and attention.—Virginia was passionately fond of flowers; and the pains Eugenio took in culling such as he thought most likely to gratify her, inspired these innocent and artless children of Nature with an insatiable taste for botany. She would often question him concerning the different countries of the globe, and the origin and manners of the people who inhabited them; this excited in his breast an ardent desire for the study of history and geography. The voice of Virginia was soft and melodious; and Eugenio, who had a genius for music, soon learned to play on several instruments, and to accompany the sweet strains of his young and beautiful companion.—Virginia was his sole delight; he neither beheld nor contemplated any other object, and the flame of love preceding his first steps in the career of life, already traced before his dazzled eyes the seducing path in which Hope leads the way.

"Dearest mother," said the beauteous Virginia to the Marchioness Spanozzi, "with what pleasure shall I repeat, at the foot of the altar, the oath of loving my adored Eugenio till death, of existing only for his sake, and of obeying him. Can there be any greater happiness on earth, than that of submitting our inclinations to those we love.

The Marchioness melted into tenderness, clasped her daughter in her arms, and bathed her with tears. Maternal affection overcame her.

"May you, my dear child," said she "never know the misery of surviving the affections of a husband!"

Virginia who was incapable of feeling the whole force of this reflection, assured her mother that her Eugenio would be always faithful to her, and would, with equal fervour, repeat the vow of loving her to his last sigh.

The health of the Marchioness Spanozzi was weak and precarious; for several months she had been the prey of gloomy melancholy; she insensibly lost her sleep and appetite; solitude alone appeared to possess charms for her, and she seemed with difficulty to suppress a disagreeable emotion, which she had for some time experienced at the presence of the Countess of Caprara. That lady possessed a charming and engaging figure, and enjoyed in triumph the praises which all who came to Torre Vecchia were eager to bestow upon her.

Married at fourteen, and the mother of Eugenio at fifteen, the Countess, under an appearance truly prepossessing, concealed a deceitful heart, and passions of the most violent nature. Capable of assuming every mask which she found necessary to her designs, her softness was artifice, and her sensibility hypocrisy; the desire of pleasing engrossed her whole attention.—Selfish, vain, jealous, and overbearing, she endeavoured to appear affectionate, modest, unassuming, mild, and submissive. She possessed the peculiar faculty of making others give way to her fancies, while she had the semblance of sacrificing her tastes to their wishes. Her husband adored her. She appeared to return his tenderness, though, in reality, she considered him with the most perfect indifference.—Eugenio was the only person for whom she sincerely experienced the

least affection; but it was her pride, and not her sensibility that enjoyed the perfections of her son.—With respect to Virginia, she had conceived an invincible aversion towards her. The excessive beauty of that lovely young girl excited her jealousy; nevertheless, she was lavish of her caresses, and seemed to wait with more impatience than any other person, the moment which was to unite her to her son.

The character of the Marchioness Spanozzi formed a perfect contrast with that of the Countess Caprara. A profound yet dignified sensibility, and a state of health naturally delicate, imparted to her manners and actions a tint of melancholy which those who were not fully acquainted with her, might sometimes mistake for caprice or ill-humour. A disposition which led her to minute observation, and an intimate acquaintance with human nature, the knowledge of which is so little satisfactory, gave to her countenance, naturally serious, an expression of reserve and gravity which seemed to indicate haughtiness.—She spoke but seldom, disdained to flatter the world; but towards those whom she had once distinguished, she was prodigal of her attentions and affections. A virtuous wife and a tender mother, she fulfilled with zeal, and without ostentation, the duties which those titles prescribed.—A passion of the most refined and tender nature had united her to the Marquis Spanozzi: her love had been for a length of time repaid by a sincere return on his part:—perhaps any other than the Marchioness would have been unable to have observed the least diminution in the tenderness of her husband; he always appeared to conduct himself with the same degree of regard towards her, but her penetration and exquisite judgment prevented her from being long the dupe of appearances. She had perceived with horror that the Marquis had ceased to love her with his wonted affection; and that fatal conviction spread a veil of grief over her countenance, which even hope was unable to remove.

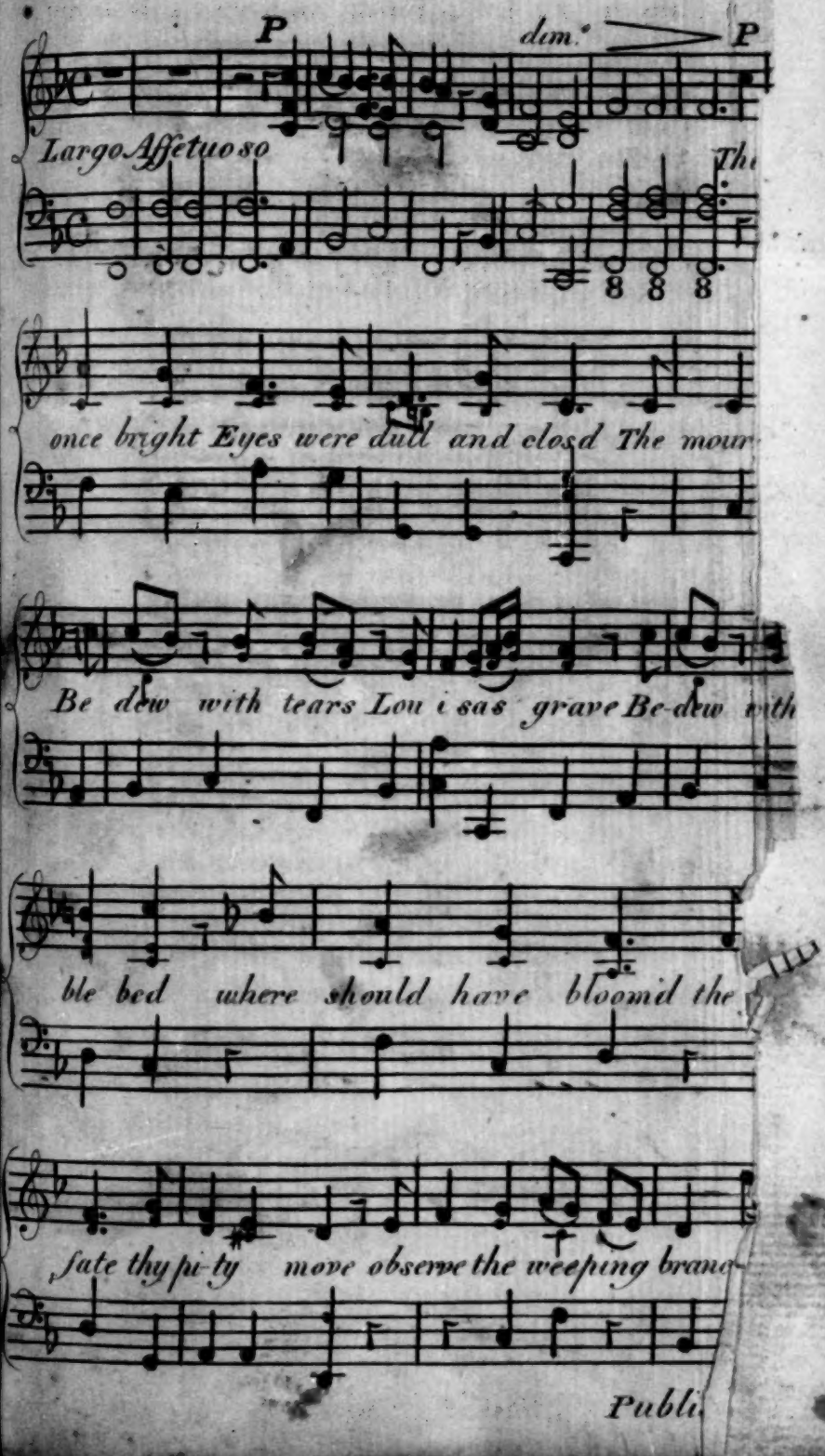
(To be continued in our next.)

Song.

LOUISA.

The passing bell no longer toll'd,
Louisa's form in earth repos'd,
Her once sweet lips were pale and cold,
Her once bright eyes were dull and clos'd.
The mournful crowd rush'd on to see
The rude carv'd lines on yonder tree;
And as its mournful branches wave,
Bedew with tears Louisa's grave.

Here lies the shapeless turf beneath
A lovely form in humble bed,
Where shou'd have bloom'd the flowry wreath,
The willow hangs its drooping head.
She sunk a prey to hopeless love,
If her sad fate thy pity move,
Observe the weeping branches wave,
And dew with tears Louisa's grave.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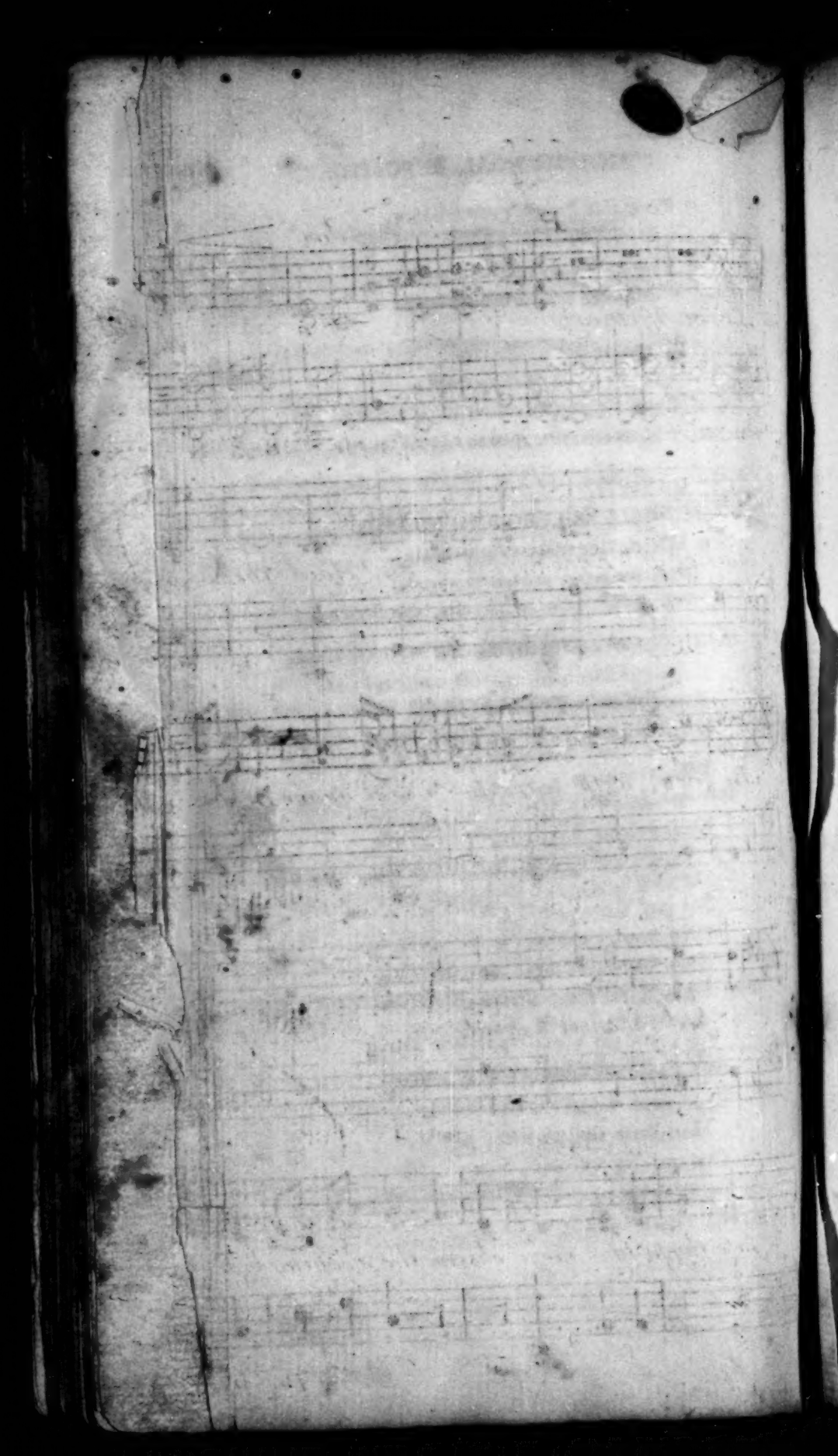

" *Venerable Sires!* grown hoary,
" Hither turn th' unwilling eye;
" Think amidst your falling glory,
" Autumn tells a winter nigh.

" Yearly in our course returning,
" Messengers of shortest stay,
" Thus we preach this truth unerring,
" Heaven and earth shall pass away!

" On the *Tree of life eternal,*
" *Man!* let all *thy hopes* be staid;
" Which alone, for ever vernal,
" *Bears a leaf which ne'er shall fade!*

ODE TO MUSIC.

HAIL! heavenly maid, my pensive mind
Invokes thy woe-subdueing strain,
For there a shield my soul can find,
Which subjugates each dagger'd pain.

When beauty spurns the lover's sighs,
'Tis thine soft pity to inspire,
And cold indifference vanquish'd lies
Beneath thy myrtle-vested lyre.

Oh! could contention's dæmon hear
Thy seraph voice, his blood-lav'd spear
He'd drop, and own thy pow'r:
That smiling o'er each happy land
Sweet peace might call her hallow'd band,
To crown the festal hour.

FAREWELL TO SUMMER.

FAREWELL to summer's fruitful reign,
Its pleasing beauties are all fled;
Zephyrs no more sport o'er the plain,
Nor wanton on the turfy bed.
Farewell, ye flowers, whose varied bloom
Did once delight the roving eye;
Whose fragrance did the air perfume,
Ye, now unheeded, wither'd lie.

Farewell, ye fields, where golden grain
Repaid the sturdy ploughman's care;
Farewell, ye groves, where each fond swain,
With pleasure leads the blooming fair.
In verdure ye no more appear,
With plenty ye no longer wave;
No more, ye groves, your foilage bear,
Nor nature's smiling liv'ry have.

Ye songsters of the wood, adieu,
No more your cheerful notes we hear,
Farewell the walk, the pleasing view,
Your beauties now no more appear;
But whistling winds drive o'er the heath,
And scatter devastation rude,
And Boreas, with his freezing breath,
Asserts his pow'r on ev'ry side.

Foreign News.

Constantinople, July 25.—Yesterday we received advice that the capitulation of Cairo was carried into effect on the 10th of July, on which day the French troops marched out, and were escorted to Rosetta.

Extract of a letter from Malaga, to a respectable house in this city, dated Sept. 21, 1801.

The United States schooner Enterprize, Capt. Sterret, has captured a Tripolitan of much superior force, and carried her into Malta. Nearly one half of the crew of the Barbarians was kil'ed, and not a man of the other hurt—so says Commodore Dale's Letter to our Consul at Gibraltar.

The *Journal des Debates* contains the following detail of circumstances respecting the husband and wife who lately went for the express purpose of committing suicide in the Elysian fields at Paris. The particulars are communicated in a letter to the editor from the chief surgeon of the hospital, to which the unfortunate survivor was conveyed. It is now about six months since Citizen Campagnac, accompanied by his wife Marie Joseph Fabrie, then in the 25th year of her age, came from Brussels to Paris with a sum of money amounting to five hundred Louis d'ors, being the wreck of an immense fortune. Ill concerted commercial speculations in less than fifteen days deprived him of 200 Louis d'ors; sensibly affected with this loss, Campagnac sought to repair it in a gaming house; there he was spoiled of the remainder in a very short time. He lost the clothes, the jewels, nay even the marriage ring of his wife. On his return to the furnished lodging, which he occupied in the *Rue d'Orleans Saint Honore*, he approached his wife bathed in tears, and said to her, "happiness, my friend, can no longer be our portion! indigence or death; can you have the courage to adopt this last with your husband?" At first she hesitated, but at length agreed to the proposal. The evening of the 4th Fructidor (Aug. 22) was fixed upon for the catastrophe, but about

half past eight in the evening of the 3d, Campagnac no longer being able without doubt to support the miseries of life, prevailed on his young wife to take a walk in the Elysian Fields; they entered into the shop of Dubertrit, a cook, where they made a very frugal repast. About 11 o'clock Campagnac conducted her to the bank of the river, where they were seen locked in each other's arms, taking a most tender adieu. The pressing solicitation which this interesting woman addressed to her husband to restore him to courage, were disinctly heard at a distance. All was vain; "the resolution is taken," said he, and we cannot survive without infamy. Recollect your promises." He tied a bandage over her eyes! "open your mouth," said he. He introduced a pistol into her mouth, and executed his design; a second pistol terminated his own existence.—The inner part of this unfortunate woman's mouth is torn in a most frightful manner: the throat too is in a very deplorable state.—Her recovery, however, is not altogether despaired of. It is worth while to observe that Citizen Campagnac threw himself from the Pont Neuf into the river, immediately after the great loss he sustained, about six months before the final catastrophe.

American Intelligence.

Several sheets of *Sheet-Copper* produced at the manufactory of Col. Paul Revere and Son, at *Stoughton*, are lodged at the Insurance-offices in Boston. At a very great expence those ingenious gentlemen have erected works, where copper for sheathing ships, *cold rolled*, is produced; which has been pronounced by the best judges, equal to any manufactured in Great-Britain.—The frigate Boston was bolted and spiked, with bolts and spikes from this manufactory, cold planished, from malleable copper, and equal to European. Every friend to the manufactures of the United States must be pleased with this information.—

A young man had his throat cut very severely, a few evenings ago, in the public streets, Philadelphia—said to be done with a pen-knife.

Portland, Oct. 28, 1801.—" This morning about 2 o'clock, the town was alarmed by a fire, which was discovered in two different places, viz. Capt. Robinson's house opposite Mr. Gray's Rope-walks, (in which no person had lived for twenty days past) and Mr. Rudburgh's barn; both of which, together with one other small barn, were reduced to ashes. The fire must have been kindled by some unprincipled villain."

Allese Simpson, a lady of Bertie county, has offered (in the Halifax N. C. Journal) a reward of 100 dollars on delivering to her, or securing in jail, her husband, who it seems has deserted her and married Charity O'Daniel, a young lady of Halifax county. After mentioning that he had eloped from her *bed side*, without any provocation whatever, she gives the following laughable description of him and his companion:—John Simpson is a man of a dark complexion, of a low stature, brown hair, black eye-brows, light colored beard, and an *everlasting tobacco chewer;* his fore teeth very dark and rusty, &c. &c. His companion, Charity, of usual height, about the age of eighteen, *thick and full fleshed*, light complexion, very freckled, and *a large bushy head of rusty red hair.*

Domestic Occurrences.

October 8th.—This evening, about 10 o'clock, a fire broke out in the house of Mr. Sickles, Grocer, in Birmingham street, Ship Yards, which was partly consumed. A woman, we regret to add, perished in the flames.

At a Court of General Sessions of the Peace, holden in and for the City and County of New-York, at the City-Hall of the said City, on Monday, the 12th day of October inst. the following persons (convicted during the session) were brought to the bar, and received the sentences affixed to their names:

Grand Larceny.—James M'Gill, 2 years at hard labour in the state prison.

Petit Larceny.—Grace Moore, 2 years at hard labour in the state prison; Peter Jackson, Margaret Murphy, John Foot, Jack St. Domingo, William Gibbs, Castor (a black) Simeon Johnson, and Thomas Jones, one year and a day each at hard labour in the state prison: Daniel Cochran 3 months in bridewell; William Forrest, 60 days in bridewell, and Jacobus Schul, 15 days in bridewell.

Disorderly Houses.—Mary Bazette, otherwise called Mary Henderson, 60 days in bridewell; Rachel Rovenaire and Jane Ashwin, 30 days each in bridewell; William Hart, Anthony Smith and Elizabeth his wife, and Margaret Davis, otherwise Margaret Gennings, fined ten dollars each, with costs of prosecution, and to stand committed until the fine be paid; Catharine De Groat, five dollars and costs, under the like circumstances; besides 23 French negroes for a riot, who were committed to the bridewell of the City and County of New York, for the term of 60 days.

14*th.*—Last night an attempt was made to break into the house, occupied by Mr. Wm. A. Avery, corner of Catharine and Rutger streets: but the villain was discovered and made his escape.

16*th.*—This morning about three o'clock, another attemt was made to rob the house of Mrs. Cook, directly opposite the house of Mr. Avery. The robber succeeded in entering the house, but an alarm being given, and timely assistance rendered, the villian was detected and safely lodged in bridewell.

Marriages.

Mr. John Vanderbilt, of Freehold, New-Jersey, to the amiable Miss Mary M'Kildeo, of this city.

By the Rev. Bishop Moor, Mr. Thomas Welsh, to Miss Mary Brown, both of this city.

By the Right Rev. Bishop Moore, Mr John Stevens, Merchant, to Miss Ann Maria Delaplaine, both of this city.

At Woodbridge, (New-Jersey) by the Rev. Mr. Roe, Mr. Samuel Stubbs, of Boston, Massachusetts, to Miss Mary March, of Rahway, New-Jersey.

By the Rev. Joseph Pilmore, Mr. Nicholas Bicker, to Miss Dorothy Dow, both of this city.

By the Rev. Mr. Miller, Capt. John Guest to Mrs. Cook, both of this city.

By the Rev. Dr. Rogers, Dr. John R. B. Rogers, Physician, to Mrs. Helen M'Dougal, both of this city.

At the Friends Meeting-House, Samuel Hicks, of the house of Hicks and Post, to Sarah Haydock.

At Fairfield, (Con.) by the Rev. Mr. Elliot, Mr. Stephen Miller, merchant, of New York, to Miss Eliza Sturges, daughter of the Hon. Judge Sturges.

By the Rev. Mr. Pilmore, Mr. Charles Ogburn, merchant, to Miss Eliza Atkinson, both of this city.

By the Rev. Dr. Beach, Mr. Philip Hone, merchant, to Miss Catherine Dunscomb, daughter of the late Daniel Dunscomb, all of this city.

At West-Chester, by the Rev. Mr. Wilkins, Mr. Andrew Smith, of this city, merchant, to Miss Maria Livingston, daughter of Philip John Livingston, Esq. of that place.

By the Rev. Mr. Wall, Mr. August W. Parker, to the amiable Miss Eliza Marshman, both of Philadelphia.

By the Rev. W. Phebus, Capt. John E. Capp, to Miss Margaret Rikeman, both of this city.

At Philadelphia, by the Rev. Dr. Ewing, the Rev. Samuel Miller, of the city of New-York, to Miss Sarah Seargeant, daughter of the late Jonathan D. Seargeant, of the city of Philadelphia.

By the Rev. Doctor M'Knight, Mr. Benjamin Maurice, Merchant, of Savannah, to Miss Margaret Helmes Stewart, of this city.

By the Rev. Dr. Rogers, Mr. Charles Eayluon, merchant, to Miss Sarah Elizabeth Taylor, both of this city.

At Morristown, N. J. by the Rev James Richards, Mr. Charles A. Monell, merchant, to Miss Anna B. Lewis, daughter of Joseph Lewis, Esq. all of that place.

At Philadelphia, by the Rev. Dr. Rogers, Mr. Matthew Van Allstine, of New-York, to Miss Charlotte Height, of Shrewsbury township, Monmouth county, state of New-Jersey.

By the Rev. Mr. Ogden, Mr. Henry R. Kip, Merchant, to Miss Mary C. Johnston, daughter of Dr. Johnston, of Newark.

Deaths.

Names of all the Persons who have Died in New-York, of various disorders, from the 1st. October to the 31st. inclusive. In the course of the preceding month, about 20 died of the Malignant Fever.

A son of Martin Morrison
James Jackson
A child of Peter Bogart
A child of E. Anderson
William Roan
A child of G. B. Abeel
A child of A. Ryckman
Peter Vandevoort
Elizabeth Cock
Peter Van Bommel
Susan Hatfield
William Burges
——— Leonard
James Warner
Gordon Higgins
James Church, M. D.
Susan Vandervort
——— Lowry
Sally Cutler
Robert Brady
Levy Munson
Martha Stansbury, black girl
——— Finley
A child of Mr. Ely
A child of Mr. Robinson
A child of Mr. Bradley
A child of Mr. Bagley
Mrs. Welch
A child of Mr. Hicks
Mary Waldron
Mr. Smith
A child of Mr. Griffith
Sarah Nicol
A child of Mr. Stephens
Thomas Ross
Elijah Javis
David Hoard
Alexander Forbes
Abby Jebus, an infant
Duncan Carey
Christiana Edwards
Henry Logan
Sarah Shultz
John Duarl
Daughter of Mr. Wilson
Lewis Jessup
Michael Swiney
Daniel Liru
Josiah S. Sandford
Mary Thomas
Mrs. Peters
David Dew
John Smith Henry
William Hunter
Hugh Kethlaree
Daughter of Thomas Clark
Alexander M'Mullen
James Tryan
A child of Mr. Wilson
Effy Job
A child of Mr, Ford
Mrs, Horton
A child of Mr. Johnson
A child of Mr. Barton
Ruth Burns
A child of Mr. Benans.
Mr. Leach
A child of Mr. Roberts

Andrew Keyser
Moses Allen
Johanna Kingsland
James M. Leach
Nancy Thomas
John Ackerman
William Mears
Erasbus Brockway
Nancy Cassiday
Oliver Jessup
Son of J. Spinage
William Williams
Annabella Dory
Jane Ferris
John Tredwell
Hugh M'Gregor
Jeremiah Mulford
Henry Carpenter
Lydia Whitefield
Hugh M'Kibber
James Alexander
Peter M'Kernan
Levy Johnson
Francis M'Garry
Andrew Robinson
Robert G. Boyd
Sally Watson
Thomas Pool
Mrs. Scott
Mrs. Wealthy Torsdyke
Isaac Marsh
Edward Gallant
Daniel Large
John Convise
Hannah Planter
Robert Carson
Thomas Troop
Tigdia, a blackman
James Hunt
John C. Smith
Mrs. Livingston
Mrs. Kirkpatrick
James Cock
Mrs. Barnewell

Mrs. Catherine Holmes
David Galatia
Miss Catherine Byrne
John Loop
Ely Clinch
Collin Peacock
Eastman
Robert M'Culloch
Capt. Thomas Russel
A child of John M'Mullen
Dinah, a black girl
Peter Graham
Walter Gibbs
Ebenezer Clark
William Forbes
John Donally
John Campbell
Samuel Johnson
Peter Becker
Elizabeth Markhum
James Perkins
A child of Thomas Hamin
Ann Smith
Mr. Wilson
Martha Jeans
Daniel M'Carter
George Humphrey, a child
Owen Griffin do
A stranger from the Hospital
Robert M'Lean
John Peacock
John Sandwich
Henry Sadler
Thomas Bell
Lewis White
Charles Woodman
A woman
William Brown
William Barker
Jacob Hopper
——Weeks
John Simpson
Rosannah Gonly
John Johnson

David Poet
Paul Speed
Mary Lodman
John Hutchinson
Polly Billard
Betsy Montgomery
——Wright
——Norris
James Wilson
Lewis Le Clerk
James Vanhorne, a mulatto
Eilzabeth Myers
Martha Cooper
Mr. Comb
Charles Miller
Gilbert Brush
Alexander M'Intosh
A child of Sally Hunter
Susan Patterson
Mrs. Margaret Graham
A child of James Young
James Gonan
Mary Cochran
A child of William Milligan
Catherine Swan
A child of Mrs. Arnolds
Grace M'Inquire
William Lermont
Patrick Graham
Robert Williams
Mrs. Miller
Robert Grant
A child of James Wells
James Duffie
John Williams
A child of Mr. Fontique
A child of Mr. Bauman
A child of Mr. Fenton
A child of Mr. Waldron
Miss Grace Sherrad
A child of Mr. Thomas
Mrs. Lewis
A child of Mr. Anderson
A child of Mr. Newton

Owen Keefe
Eliza Cook
Mary Lockhard
Jane Parnell
James Simonson
Nancy Crow
George Barwick
Margaret Burgeer
Moyes A. Allen
Miss Sarah Fortin
Lawrence Salisbury
Mrs. M'Guickin
Peter Eisenbergh
Gavin Halliday
Elizabeth O'Neal a child
Alexander Marchegay
Patrick Byrne
A child of Peter M'Cay
John Hasham
Mrs. Doglierty
Thomas Linnard
A child of John Johnson
Anne M'Gaviston
A child of Charles Cavings
A child of Hugh Clark
A child of Barney Cinnes
Patrick ———
Francis Lowery
Mrs. Ryan
I. Henry
Michael Stanly
Owen Flannagan
A child of John Devoe
John E.le
A child of Robert Cooper
Oliver Mildeburger
A child of Mr. Fitch
Seth Shoud
John Forrester
Miss Eliza Davis
David Osborn
A child of Mrs. Chelswood
William Fordham
A child of Mr. Rayner